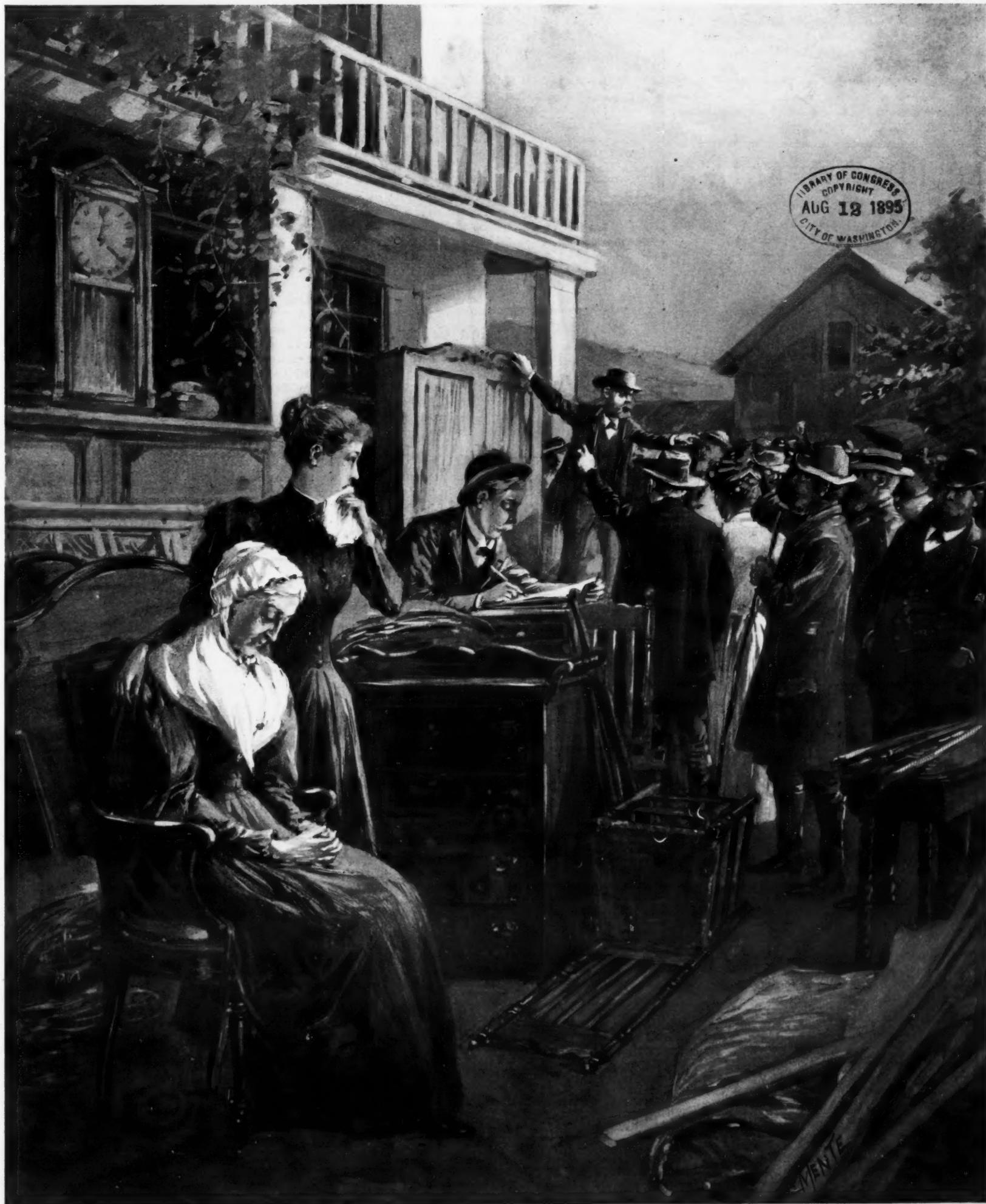


LESLIE'S WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED

VOL. LXXXI.—No. 2083.
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NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1895.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1.00.
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.



THE SALE OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

DRAWN BY CHARLES MENTE.—[SEE PAGE 102.]

A GREAT HISTORICAL SERIAL.

In the issue of August 22d we will commence the publication of a serial story entitled

**"When Greek Meets Greek;
A Tale of Love and War,"**

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

author of several of the most popular novels of recent years. The story is one of absorbing historic interest, full of action and incident, and will have special attraction for American readers in the fact that the hero of the story begins his career in the American colonies, his first experience of Revolutionary warfare being at Spring Valley. Going to France with General Lafayette, his next experience is at the "Feast of Pikes," in Paris, and the story comes to an end in England.

A feature of the story is the dual rôle played by the principal character, who at a critical period of his own fortunes and the fortunes of Robespierre is thrown into the power of his rival in love and politics, and escapes under romantic and tragic conditions. The story is historically accurate as to the period in which it is cast, and will take rank in the popular estimation with the best work of the distinguished author. It will be illustrated by B. West Clineinst.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

AKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 307 Herald Building
Literary and Art Staff: John T. Bramhall, H. Reuterdahl.

AUGUST 15, 1895.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.		
One copy, one year, or 52 numbers		\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers		2.00
One copy, for thirteen weeks		1.00

English Workingmen and Protection.

HE general election in England has developed many new and unexpected features, as well as some extraordinary surprises. Among these new features is one which merits some little attention in the United States in view of the attitude and policy of the Republican party toward the tariff. England, as everybody knows, is a free-trade country. There are custom-house duties on perhaps a score of articles. All these, however, are admittedly articles of luxury, and the duties imposed upon them are for revenue only. Since the 'fifties England has been trying the experiment of free trade, and has been trying it more wholeheartedly and comprehensively than any other country in the world. Great things are claimed for the experiment, but that it is not altogether satisfactory, and that the question of protection in England is not a closed one, is shown by the way in which the policy of protection has been brought forward during the late election campaign. Advocates of a tariff for revenue only would do well to look with some care into the reports of election meetings in the English industrial constituencies. They would then learn that English people are not entirely at rest on the subject of protection, but are more disturbed about it than they have been since the days of Cobden and Peel.

As has been more than once explained in LESLIE'S WEEKLY, the farming interest in England has long been demanding protection from American and colonial competition. For some time it was only the farmers who hinted that, after all, free trade was not an entire success. Now, however, the cry has been taken up by other interests, and usually not by the employers, but by the working-people. This has been especially the case in the great manufacturing county of Lancashire. In years gone by Lancashire was noted the world over for its iron and its wire. It is still noted for these products, but Lancashire wire in many instances is now no longer made from Lancashire iron. Iron rods for wire-drawing are now imported in immense quantities from Germany, with the result that men in the wire trade are only partially employed, and are earning wages much below those they received ten years ago. At one time Lancashire wire-drawers earned wages almost twice as high as those paid other artisans, such as machine-shop engineers and carpenters and joiners. Nowadays hundreds of wire-drawers are earning wages very little higher than those paid to unskilled day laborers in England. Rightly or wrongly, the men attribute this falling off to unrestricted competition with continental countries like Belgium and Germany; and at the election the wire-drawers, before giving their votes, sought specific pledges from the Parliamentary candidates that if elected to the House of Commons they would do all in their power to prevent German and Belgian iron and wire being used in the telegraph department of the post-office, and in any works paid for out of the municipal or imperial treasuries.



What these pledges mean needs no explanation. They mean protection pure and simple. Much the same kind of complaint was made at the elections by the English paper-mill work-people. Hundreds of English newspapers import their paper from the continent. The few newspapers which do not do so, and use English-made goods, announce the fact on the front page of every issue in lettering almost as large as the title of the paper itself. The editor of the Manchester *Guardian*, the most important English daily paper printed out of London, was at the general election a Liberal candidate for a Parliamentary seat in one of the industrial divisions in Lancashire, and was subjected to a hostile demonstration at one of his election meetings, owing to the fact that his Tory opponents had published far and wide the statement that the Manchester *Guardian* was printed on paper made abroad, and that its owners, while deriving an immense revenue from Lancashire people, contributed little or nothing to Lancashire trade.

The statement was altogether without foundation, but the fact that it was most industriously circulated when the editor of the *Guardian* sought the political suffrages of the Lancashire working classes affords the most significant indication of the state of feeling in some parts of England on the question of the desirability of tariffs for the protection of home industries. At Newcastle the Tory candidates who opposed Mr. John Morley gave the most emphatic pledges in favor of fair trade. Home industries were much more discussed at Newcastle than either home rule or the House of Lords; in fact, they were the dominant issues in the canvass there.

The late election has thrown immense light on many English political and economic questions. Among other things it has made most obvious the fact that free trade cannot any longer be regarded as a settled question in England. Radicals of the school of Cobden and Bright may regret these protectionist demonstrations in the constituencies, but they cannot ignore their meaning and their significance.

Sympathy with Crime.

AN Italian girl of this city, Maria Barberi, killed her faithless lover with cool and murderous premeditation, was tried, convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be executed by electricity. She is now in Sing Sing, but the case is yet to be reviewed by the higher courts. Meanwhile a movement has been organized for the purpose of securing a pardon for the murderess, and Governor Morton is flooded with appeals in her behalf from all sorts of people. Among others some prominent women of the metropolis are actively at work in this direction, and two or three of them have gone so far as to say that they would have done, under like circumstances, what this passionate, revengeful Italian woman did—they would have committed murder. It would be interesting to know what sort of wives and mothers these particular women have proved themselves to be. We are unwilling to believe that the sentiment expressed by them is entertained by any considerable number of those who are asking executive clemency. Such an avowal puts a premium upon crime, and encourages the vindictive passions of the lawless and dangerous classes. This woman belongs to a class who are becoming more and more a menace to the social order. Many of the Italians who have come among us are good citizens, but the majority are revengeful, treacherous, and incapable of restraint by ordinary methods. Every day we read of crimes of violence, often peculiarly atrocious, committed by them. It is of vital importance that nothing should be done to give encouragement to this fierce and murderous spirit. The pardon of Maria Barberi would be regarded by this class as an indication of official sympathy. On every account her punishment is imperatively demanded. Of course the idea of killing her by electricity is abhorrent. But was her own crime less so? Punishment, however, can be had short of imposing the death penalty. That end can be reached by the commutation of her sentence to imprisonment for life. Public sentiment would probably approve such an exercise of executive authority. But it would condemn emphatically an absolute and unconditional pardon. Happily, no action at all can be taken until the Court of Appeals has passed finally upon the case.

Hospital Progress in New York.



EW YORK is the great hospital capital of the Western world. This is perfectly natural and as it should be, when it is considered that clustered about this port there are three and a half millions of population who supply these institutions with patients afflicted with all kinds of maladies, and laid low by sudden injuries requiring instantaneous surgical treatment. In the matter of skilled operators, men with international reputations in the highest and most progressive branches of medical science, and the number of our hospitals, New York leads London, Paris, and Vienna. Perhaps the most striking and significant feature of the internal organism of these institutions is in the trained-nurse system, and in none is it carried to so high a state of perfection as in the New York Hospital in West

Fifteenth Street, established by royal grant of George III in 1771. This venerable society, with its long and honorable career of usefulness, has a corps of fifty of these young ladies, and no one who has been either a keen observer and visitor, or a patient studying the details of cause and effect, in one of the wards for a short period will find it difficult to determine that a good nurse is more than half the battle for cure and restoration to health and usefulness.

There is, in our opinion, no field of employment which offers greater opportunities to women than that of the trained nurse. Let us consider it. After having undergone a two years' tuition and training at the hospital (in the various wards), to which she has only obtained admission by a competitive examination as to morality, high-school education, attractive manners, and pleasing exterior, only fifteen out of seventy-five applicants from all parts of the continent are permitted to enter upon their novitiate. The labor of these two years is severe both mentally and physically, and covers twelve out of twenty-four hours daily, the year round. After her two years' course she is obliged to leave the hospital, having received wages advancing in amount according to her period of service, and her diploma as well. It is then that she is ready to become nurse to private patients on recommendation of the hospital authorities, or the many physicians with whom she has come in contact. Her income then ranges from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars a year, while her profession leads her across great seas to many lands, and her life onward is one of reasonable luxury and content. These young ladies, varying in age from twenty to thirty-five, are noticeable for their speech and grammatical purity of language. They are modest, unobtrusive, but genial in manner, and are always at your bedside when occasion requires. Differing from other employments, they have a humane and even a tender interest in their daily work, and it is to be remarked that they are impartial in their treatment of the humblest laborer or the richest or most celebrated person under their care. The fate of the patient who stands an equal chance between life or death is, in the vast majority of cases, in the hands of the trained nurse.

In the last fifteen years there has been a vast improvement in hospital construction, and also in the prescriptions and apparatus of the medical and surgical wards. The wealth of these institutions has also been greatly augmented by large individual bequests, and several of them are almost self-sustaining. New Yorkers may well be proud of the eminence which our hospital system has attained, the catholicity of its service, and the scope and extent of its usefulness, both in its relation to individuals and the progress of medical science.

A Mascot of the Alphabet.



OW often the odd side of life tempts one to yield an inch—and it will always grow into an ell—to the old superstitious instinct that there may be something, after all, in luck, in coincidences, in the abracadabra of the stars! For instance, the letter n is a little thing, perhaps the most insignificant bit of nasality in the whole alphabet; yet consider what a great part it has played in the names of many of the most marked men of this century.

The first in whose name it sounds like a dominant note is Napoleon. In his name it was both Alpha and Omega. Wellington, too, who turned the tide of history at Waterloo, had the letter. Next, the great poet of that "*sturm und drang*" period, who described himself as "the grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme"—to wit, Lord Byron—possessed it not only in the end of his title, but in that of his family name, George Gordon. Moreover, when he inherited the Noel estate through his mother he inserted the Noel before the Gordon, thus acquiring another n. Then consider some of the other names with a final n. There is Tennyson, the greatest English poet since Shelley, with three n's. There is Darwin. Gladstone, too, has it phonetically. Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, had more than his share. Mazini, whom Napoleon the Little regarded as his most powerful and dangerous political foe, had this letter. So did Talleyrand, who served and mastered so many masters.

Coming nearer home, it is a curious fact that ten of our twenty-three Presidents have had the final n of Byron, Napoleon, and Wellington, and eight others, somewhere in their names, have had the letter. Several, like Byron, have been three-n men;—for example, Martin Van Buren, Andrew Johnson, and Benjamin Harrison. Nine have had two n's. If Mr. Tilden had received the office there would have been another. Blaine just missed having the mystic letter as a terminal. Had his name been spelled in the old way, Blain, might he have won? Only the stars, of course, can tell, and they, unfortunately, while still at the old stand, are no longer in the history business.

Among men of the present time whose names are enriched by this letter, which seems to invite the stroke of Presidential lightning, there are Allison of Iowa, Morton of New York, Sherman of Ohio, Gorman of Maryland, Cameron of Pennsylvania, who is just now a free-silver favorite for executive honors. Then, notably conspicuous, there is Benjamin Tillman—whose success is possibly due to the fact that he is a three-n man—and Jerry Simpson,

the sockless Populist statesman, and a host of others—seventy-two of them in the House of Representatives alone—who have the final n. It is unfavorable to Governor McKinley that he has the letter only in the syllabic form, but then Mr. Cleveland has it even less conspicuously, and it seems to have been a potent factor in the shaping of his career. Of a truth this letter n is a sorcerer among consonants, the mascot of the alphabet.

A "Liberal" Campaign.

IT is becoming apparent that the opponents of the so-called "illiberal and barbarous Sunday restrictions" of the Excise law of this State propose to make a vigorous campaign to secure the election of a Legislature favorable to the repeal of these statutes. Steps have already been taken to organize their sympathizers in all the populous communities of the State, with a view to an aggressive movement. The leaders of this movement frankly confess that there is no possibility of a modification of the laws unless the people of the rural districts can be interested to that end. It may well be doubted, we think, whether the country constituencies will respond with any degree of enthusiasm to the appeal of these city organizations. The contention that the laws in question are an invasion of personal liberty, and that they deprive the masses of our citizens of inalienable rights, is so obviously unfounded that no intelligent voter will be deceived by it. They may not reflect public opinion, and their enforcement may bear heavily upon certain people, but they do not invade any man's rights. Of course Senator Hill and the Democratic leaders will seek to utilize the existing opportunity for the furtherance of partisan ends. They will not scruple to ally themselves with the law-breakers, and to promise any and every possible modification of existing laws which any element of the electorate may demand. There are, possibly, some Republicans who would be quite willing to perpetuate the party supremacy in the State by conceding everything that the liquor-dealers and their sympathizers may exact. But there is no danger at all that the masses of the Republican party will consent to any such surrender. Possibly some modification of the so-called Sunday law may be desirable; but when that modification is made it will be done not at the instance of men or of a class who are opposed to all law which limits or restrains the vicious tendencies of human nature, but in obedience to a sentiment based upon an intelligent conception of the best and highest social needs.



MR. HILL evidently has not abandoned the notion that he can be elected to the Presidency. It is surprising that so astute a man should so misconceive the possibilities of his career. The people of the United States have no use, just now, for such a man as Senator Hill, whose sympathies are always with the vicious and debasing tendencies of our life, and whose statesmanship is keyed to the lowest moral standard. Besides, Mr. Cleveland is a lion in his way. The shadow of Mr. Cleveland's dislike has blighted Mr. Hill's Presidential ambition in the past, and it will continue to do so to the end of the chapter. Mr. Hill may plan and plot and dream, but his aspirations will come to naught.

A NUMBER of somewhat prominent Eastern people are left in a rather embarrassing situation, as the result of a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Oklahoma. Owing to the facilities afforded by the local courts of that Territory for obtaining divorces many persons have invoked their help in sundering the marriage bond—some with reason, and some for no reason at all. Most of these divorces have been granted by probate justices. The Supreme Court has now decided that these justices have had no jurisdiction since August, 1893, and that, consequently, all divorces granted since that time are null and void, and all subsequent marriages of the parties concerned are bigamous. Among the persons who now find themselves amenable to the law are bankers, brokers, newspaper folk, and some prominent society women. The only way in which these people can escape the entanglements in which they have involved themselves is by obtaining from Congress a ratification of a bill passed by the last Oklahoma Legislature, which proposed to legalize all probate-court divorces.

THE recent Indian troubles in the Jackson's Hole region of Wyoming may, after all, serve a useful purpose in calling attention to the fact that the white settlers who brought on the difficulty by unwarranted interference with the Indians are themselves offenders against the laws. The region in question is a great hunting-ground south of Yellowstone National Park, and it is precisely from this point that poachers have habitually entered the park and committed depredations in killing off the buffalo which the government has endeavored to protect. The inference is that the whites who have settled just across the line, on the southern timber reserve of the park, have no rights there

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

any more than the Indians, and if such should turn out to be the fact upon investigation, it would be the duty of the government to expel them at once. So far as appears, the Bannock Indians have not been disposed to lawlessness. While they have always been hunters, they have of late years become agriculturists to some extent; and if all the truth were known, it would probably be found that they are quite as law-abiding as the white settlers who provoked the recent collision.

THE attempt to establish a colony of Southern blacks in Liberia has turned out as we expected. It will be remembered that some ninety-seven colonists left these shores in March last, under distinct pledges that upon their arrival in Liberia they would each receive twenty-five acres of land, with all the tools necessary for its cultivation. Most of these colonists were collected in Alabama. Several members of the expedition have just made their way home after enduring all sorts of hardships, and bring the information that a score of their comrades died from fever immediately upon landing, while others perished from actual starvation, no provision whatever having been made for their comfort. These people were, of course, deluded by the representation of artful agents, who expected in some way to profit by the proposed colonization, and who played upon the imaginations of the ignorant negroes. Their experience only affords another illustration of the folly of attempting to translate American blacks to the inhospitable shores of Liberia. Their condition here, however great may be their disabilities, is infinitely more desirable than it can ever be under any scheme of colonization which may be attempted.

IT has been a favorite contention of free-trade newspapers that the protective system stimulates capitalistic combines and trusts which are prejudicial to the interests of the general public. A practical commentary upon the fallacy of this idea is furnished by the recent organization in the South of a colossal coal trust backed by fifty millions of capital, and representing the seven chief mining districts of four States. The duty on coal has been reduced from seventy-five to forty-five cents per ton. The effect of that reduction, together with the general prostration of business, was disastrous to the coal-mining industries of the States in question. It is said that coal has been sold from sixty-eight to eighty cents per ton, and if this is a fact it is easy to see that the business must have been carried on at a loss. The effect upon the miners is seen in a gradual decrease in wages, until the scale is now stated to be lower than it has ever been before. It thus appears that it is not protection but so-called tariff reform which tends directly to the formation of trusts and the destruction of individual enterprise. One outcome of the great Southern combine will be, of course, an increase in the price of coal to consumers, and especially to manufacturers. This, however, would not be regarded as a serious evil, if along with it there should be a restoration of wages to a living standard, without any inordinate increase in the cost of manufactured products. The coal and iron interests of the South have a most important relation to the prosperity of the country, and their development along healthy lines is in every way desirable. It may well be doubted, however, whether that development can be best assured under the policy which has brought about their present demoralization.

Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

THERE is nothing more democratic than an autograph-seller's list. It is a leveler of all sorts and conditions of men; more than that, it casts down commonplace from the high stations where accidents of birth and circumstance have installed it, and exalts genius and worth to heights which their contemporaries denied them. Its transmigrations are wonderful, and are signified to the understanding of us all in no less comprehensible terms than those of the market-place. I have before me very ample proof and example of what I say, in the latest list of Messrs. Ellis & Elvey, of 29 New Bond Street, London. First comes royal mediocrity, no less a person than Queen Anne, whose signature "to a document authorizing the payment of two hundred pounds to Captain James Jeffreys," and countersigned by my lord treasurer, Godolphin, is quoted for a paltry 2l. 2s.; surely royalty held cheap, but not so cheap as his almost Mediaeval highness, Rudolf II., Emperor of Germany, whose letters dated April, 1577, and addressed to Ernest, Grand Duke of Austria, is down at eighteen shillings. Truly the days of Feudalism are no more. I have little doubt, however, that if this were to catch the eye of the present Emperor he would consider it a gross case of lese-majesty, and would sue with his grandmother for its suppression. In striking and pleasing contrast to these we find Benjamin Franklin rated at 5l. 6s., Edmund Burke at 5l. 15s., Sir Isaac Newton at 5l. 5s., and Lord Nelson at 7l. 10s. Art is not very well appreciated, as might be supposed in these materialistic times, though 4l. 4s. for an example of Thomas Bewick's chirography is not poor testimony to his worth. George Cruikshank and Rosa Bonheur are cursed with the blight of contemporaneousness, however, and are only quoted at twelve and twenty-eight shillings respectively.

It seems to me simple justice that Dickens should be priced at 1l. 10s., but I feel it almost as a personal indignity that Messrs. Ellis & Elvey do not want any more than 2l. 2s. for Sir Walter (not Besant), and 2l. 5s. for Sheridan. There is compensation, however, in reading of the value set upon a love-letter of Keats': *twenty-six pounds*; and as the gentlemen have very considerably quoted it in their catalogue I take pleasure in transcribing it for the benefit of readers of LESLIE'S, who, I trust, will bear in mind that it is a one-hundred-and-thirty-dollar quotation. The letter is addressed to Miss Fanny Brawne, and reads: "My dear Fanny, I am much better this morning than I was a week ago; indeed, I improve a little every day. I rely upon taking a walk with you the first of May. Feeding upon sham victuals and sitting by the fire will completely annul me. I have no need of an enchanted wax figure to duplicate me, for I am melting in my proper person before the fire. Good-bye, my sweetest girl. J. K." There are evidently omissions, if, as it is stated, this is a "love-letter," but the abstract is sweet, gentle, and personal, and very well worth copying. These few names—all of which, by some claim or other, belong to fame—with the dealers' appraisement, show that we can all laugh with easy equanimity at the light value which attaches to us to-day; future generations of autograph-collectors will stamp us with our true worth.

I wonder how many New-Yorkers realize that New York is one of the finest summer resorts in the world. Of course many of them are forced to stay in town during the hot weather, but it is under protest, with a grumbling accompaniment, and with little idea or appreciation of the innumerable amusing and interesting things to be found within fifteen minutes, or at the most, three-quarters of an hour, of their very doors. Here are a few of the things that are possible to summer residents and visitors to New York: A visit to the Metropolitan Museum, with its rare collections of curios, pottery, pictures, tapestries, and prints; to the Museum of Natural History, full of interest for lovers of ornithology and zoology; to the Lenox and Astor libraries, with their valuable collections of books and pictures; to the Central Park, with its many natural attractions; to Coney Island, where every form of amusement, from Wagner concerts by Seidl's orchestra to burlesque performances and merry-go-rounds, may be found in profusion; and to any number of other places that afford just as many opportunities for recreation and interesting sight-seeing. The problem of a summer outing is comparatively simple to rural residents. They come to New York, live cheaply, and entertain themselves inexpensively. To the New-Yorker it is a nightmare—and day-mare, too—from the first of June to the last of September. But a stay at home, with wisely-planned tri-weekly excursions, would solve it admirably.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



NOT much is heard by the public nowadays of Alexander R. Shepherd, the "Boss" Shepherd who found Washington mud and left it brick, and then, when his name was in every mouth, bought a silver mine in northern Mexico and buried himself from civilization. That was sixteen years ago, and since then Mr. Shepherd has spent nine million dollars there, all of it, except five hundred thousand dollars, having been taken out of the ground. Mr. Shepherd is now a man of sixty, and as a result of hard work he shows his years. With a disposition to take life easy for a while he has planned a trip to China for next year.

The long-prosecuted search for the "oldest living Odd Fellow" has resulted in the establishment of the claim of Captain Thomas C. Williams, of Oakland, California, to that honor. Captain Williams lacks one year of being ninety, and he was admitted into Odd-fellowship in Detroit in 1824, when a youth of eighteen. In 1849, at the outbreak of the California gold fever, he sailed for the Pacific slope with some companions, among whom was the future Senator Jones. He joined the first California lodge of Odd Fellows immediately after its establishment, and has since remained a member.

When S. R. Crockett was a boy on a farm in Little Duthrae, in Scotland, he spoke the Scotch dialect that Burns has immortalized—even the exact words of the poet, according to Mr. Crockett's statement. He has been an author for nine years, and now, at thirty-four, famous on two continents, he is, in physical appearance, a veritable giant, broad-shouldered and six feet four inches in height. It is cheerful to hear Mr. Crockett's asseveration, made to an interviewer, that the Scotch are not thrifty as a race, but on the contrary very extravagant.

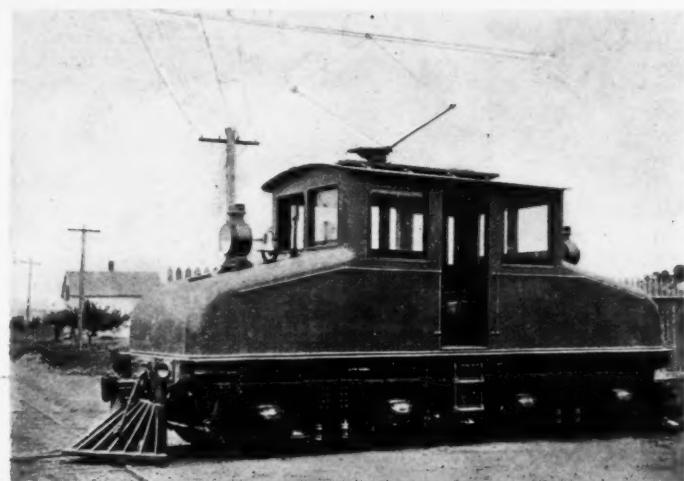
War correspondents who have come in personal communication with Antonio Maceo, the Cuban revolutionary leader, have been impressed with the courtesy and elegance of his manners. He is a mulatto, but has had the advantage of a good education, and he has the learning of a man of the world. His dress is scrupulously neat. Maceo is a veteran of the last Cuban rebellion, and a well-trained soldier.



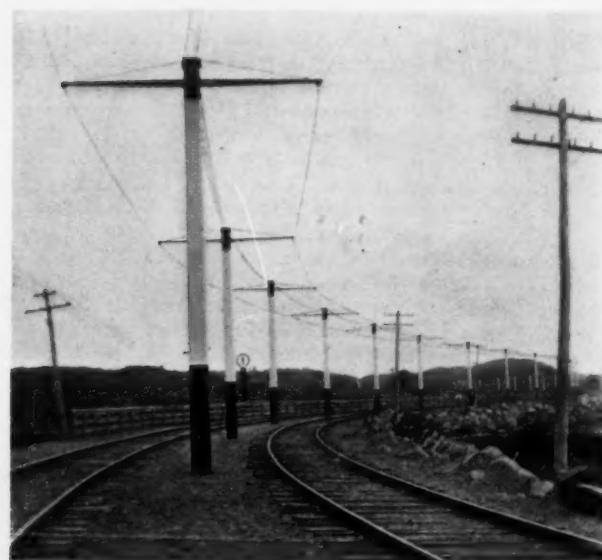
ONE OF THE NEW COMPOSITE AUXILIARY GUN-BOATS UNDER SAIL—THREE OF THESE BOATS ARE SO DESIGNED THAT THEY MAY CRUISE UNDER EITHER SAIL OR STEAM.—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 103.]



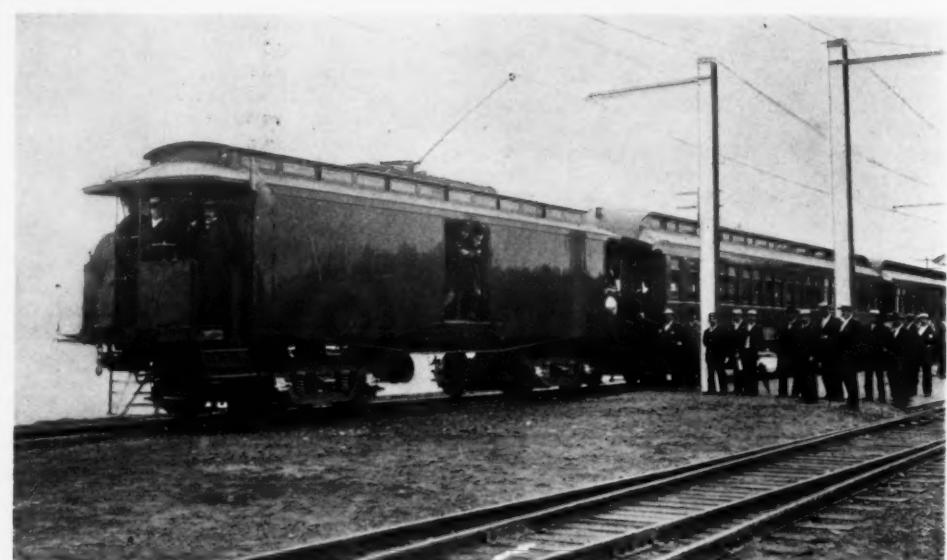
STANDARD-GAUGE OPEN CAR AND DEPOT ON NANTASKET ELECTRIC RAILROAD.



ELECTRIC MOTOR OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

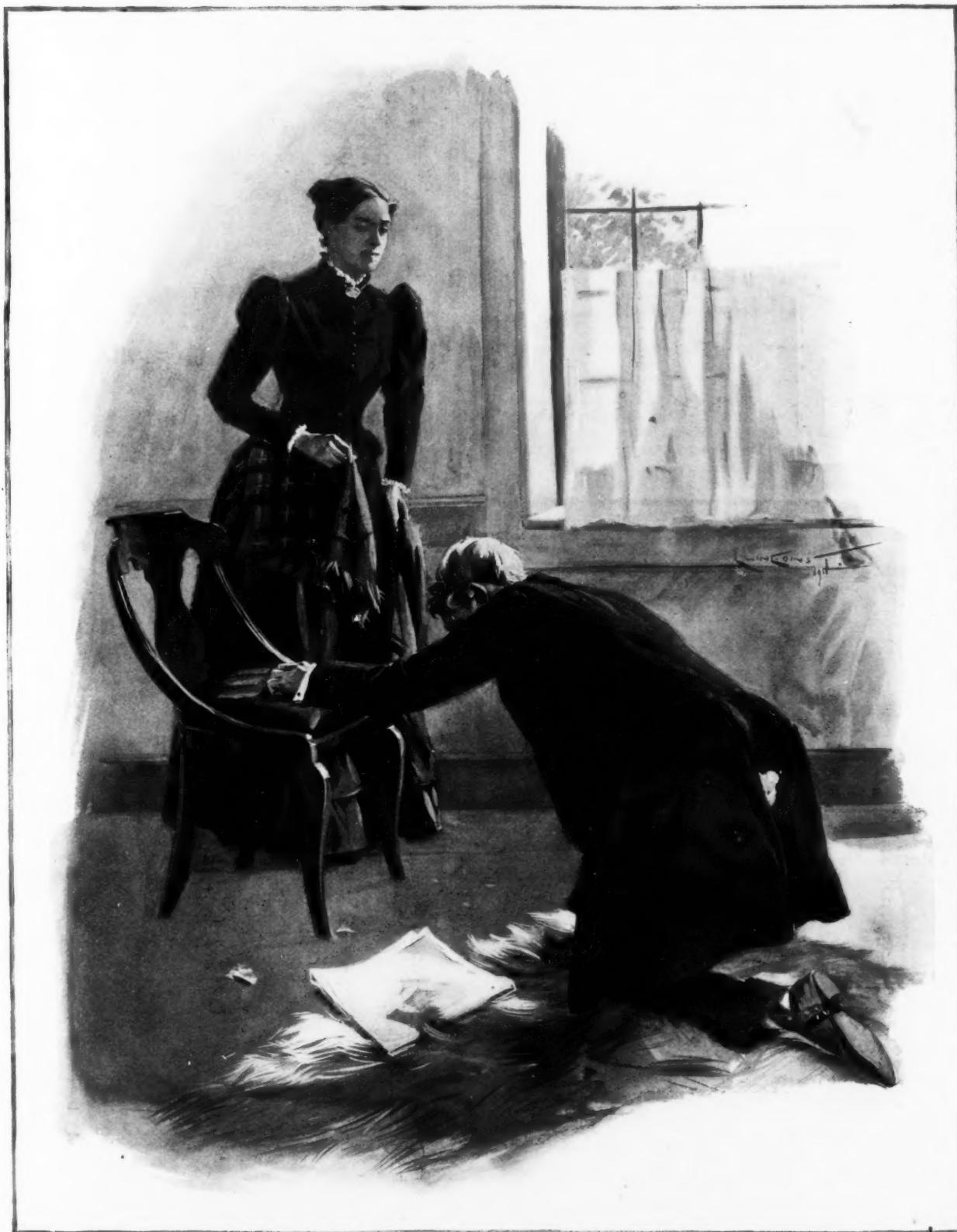


TROLLEY STANDARDS AND DOUBLE TRACK OF NANTASKET ROAD.



FIRST TRAIN ON THE NANTASKET ELECTRIC RAILROAD

THE SUBSTITUTION OF ELECTRICITY FOR STEAM AS A MOTIVE POWER ON RAILROADS—THE SUCCESSFUL RESULTS ON THE NANTASKET BEACH ROAD AND A BRANCH OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 106.]



"*'God of heaven!'* cried Kilpatrick, falling to his knees. '*Moya!*'"

LADY KILPATRICK: A TALE OF TO-DAY.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "*God and the Man*," "*Matt, the Story of a Caravan*," "*Shadow of the Sword*," etc.

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XV.—(Continued).



IGHT now broke from the clouds—gloomy light with livid rays; and it fell full on a great green stretch of bogland covering the mountain-side. The mountain itself seemed rocking as if with earthquake, and simultaneously the bog itself, like thick and slimy lava, seemed to be moving downward.

"Howly saints defend us!" cried Feagus.

As he spoke the sound of human cries came from the distance, and figures were seen wildly moving to and fro. A white cottage of stone rocked, crumbled like sugar in water, and disappeared from sight, washed over by the moving earth.

Tempest on sea and earthquake are dreadful enough, but there is no phenomenon more portentous than that of the moving bog, when the very earth seems to become liquid lava, shifting and changing, obliterating landmarks, and swallowing up whatever stands in the way of its fatal course. Such was the phenomenon the two men were now contemplating—a whole hillside shifting from its place and moving downward like a

great slow, ever-broadening stream, ingulfing rocks, trees, and human dwellings, bearing fragments of these in its course, urging stones and rocks along like a river in full flood; now halting and pausing to destroy obstacles, again rolling relentlessly on.

In the present case it was fed with the rain of a thousand torrents, which gushed along with it and hastened it along.

Louder and shriller cries soon broke upon the air, and groups of men, women, and children were seen flying down the valley, some driving before them cattle as terror-stricken as themselves, many bearing blankets, bedding, and domestic utensils, all moaning and shrieking in fear. Very slowly, but surely and terribly, the bog crept behind them, devouring and destroying, yet now and then, as if in caprice, leaving some dwelling or clump of trees untouched, like an island in a slimy, moving pool.

As emotion spreads from one to another in a crowd of living beings, so does trouble grow, by some elemental sympathy of nature, among inanimate things. The terror and the tumult of the scene we are describing seemed to communicate itself to the whole landscape. The very river, flowing from the opposite direction and winding away seaward by the base of the mountains, seemed to boil up ominously, surging tumultuously along. A mile away there was a wooden bridge, over which many of

the panic-stricken peasants had now crossed, gaining the open vale beyond. Suddenly the supports of this bridge yielded to the fury of the waters; the bridge, covered with sheep and cattle, with men and women about to follow, tottered, yielded, and was swept away with its load.

All this time Feagus and Conseline had stood fascinated, forgetful of themselves in the extraordinary scene they were contemplating; but now, as the excitement culminated, they realized their own danger.

"We must get out of this," said Feagus. "If we don't cross the ford we'll be buried alive!"

He flew rather than ran toward the river, and reached the place of crossing only to stand in abject terror above a boiling torrent.

"Saints save us!" he groaned. "No man can cross here."

He turned, trembling, and saw Conseline standing by his side, pale but comparatively calm.

"What's to be done?" gasped Feagus.

Conseline smiled grimly.

"Plunge in, man; wade to the other side, or swim to it! It's not twenty yards from bank to bank."

"I should drown!" cried the lawyer.

"Better that than live to betray the man that has fed and

kept you so many years. You talked of turning queen's evidence ; go and do it!"

Feagus recoiled.

"I didn't mane it, Conseltine ; t'was only my little joke. For God's sake, tell me what's to be done?"

"I neither know nor care," returned the other. "Perhaps it's God's vengeance upon us for what we've done. Are you afraid to die?"

Without replying Feagus looked round in despair. The whole mountain-side seemed now descending on that portion of the vale y where he stood, while the river wound round an l round between Blake's Hall and the open moor by which they had gained the lonely val. There was only one way of escape—to gain the opposite bank of the river.

"Tell me this—if we escape out of this alive, do you mean to stand by me or to turn against me?"

"To stand by ye, to stand by ye!" cried Feagus.

"Then strip off your coat and follow me!" said Conseltine. "I'm going across. If the water takes me off my feet I shall swim to the point below, yonder ; the current swirls that way, and it's shallow close to the bank. You'd better come ; it's your only chance."

Suiting the action to the word, Conseltine took off his outer garments and stood in trousers and shirt-sleeves ; then, stooping down, he unlaced his mud-clogged boots and threw them off. Trembling with fear, Feagus followed his example.

Conseltine crept down to the water's edge and, leaning forward, tried the depth with a heavy blackthorn stick which he carried.

"We can do it," he said. "Mind you stand firm against the current or you're a dead man."

Feagus groaned and prayed. All his natural courage had deserted him, and he looked an abject picture of human wretchedness.

"Stop a minute," he cried. "I'm out o' breath!"

"Stop if you please," returned Conseltine, contemptuously. "I'm going across!"

Then, steadying himself for the struggle and using his stick as a partial support, he stepped into the stream, and in a moment was fighting with the current. With slow, long strides he moved from the bank, his feet set upon the slippery bottom. For several yards the water reached no higher than his knees, but gradually deepened, until at last it surged wildly to his hips : but he was a tall man, of unusual strength, and nature favored him. For a few moments, as he stood in midstream, it seemed as if he must be swept away, but, facing the current and leaning forward, he held his own; then, putting out all his strength, he leaped rather than walked until he gained the shallower water on the further side. He had passed safely, and stood, soaked and dripping, but secure, upon the further bank.

Feagus, who had watched his progress with wondering eyes, but with an increasing sense of hope, still stood crouching by the river-side.

"Come," cried Conseltine, waving his stick and laughing. "It's easier than I thought."

"Your staff ! Throw me your staff !" shrieked Feagus,—and glancing round he saw the bog descending like an avalanche toward Blake's Hall. Then an extraordinary phenomenon took place. The bog, meeting the river just where the bridge had fallen, blocked it like an enormous dam, and then crawled like a monster over it. The result was instantaneous. The river, arrested in its course, began to swell up, deepen, and push backward on itself. There was not a moment to be lost if it was to be crossed again.

"Throw me your staff, for the love of God !" cried Feagus.

Conseltine hesitated for a moment, then cast the stick across the flood with all his might ; it fell close to Feagus, who gripped it eagerly and then, with a cry, plunged forward into the water. His progress was at first comparatively easy, but as the water deepened it became more and more difficult to keep his foothold. With face set hard and eyes protruding, he struggled on.

After watching him for a moment Conseltine ran from the bank, followed the side of the stream, and stood on the point of land of which he had spoken, some forty yards below. Standing there, he waited for results.

Straining every nerve and praying aloud, the lawyer reached the middle of the stream and paused for a moment, gasping for breath. Then the roar of the flood and the rush of water and wind seemed to blind and confuse him, and he seemed giving away. But with a mighty effort he kept his feet, and even then all might have gone well with him but for an accidental impediment—the half-submerged trunk of a tree, which rolled over and over, struck the staff from his hands and took him off his feet. With a shriek he was swept headlong into the flood, and disappeared.

Only for a few moments—then, haggard and ghastly, his head re-emerged, drifting toward the point on which Conseltine stood. A good

swimmer, he struck boldly out, and was helped by the current. All he was conscious of was the rushing water around him, and the figure of Conseltine coming nearer and nearer.

As Conseltine had explained, the current swept right to the point, close to which there was some shallow water. Strong and wiry as a terrier, Feagus made his way thither, fighting for his life. He was close to the point, his feet touched solid ground, and he could see Conseltine close to him, looking calmly down, when his force failed him and he was whirled round like a straw.

"Save me!" he shrieked, reaching out his hands.

By bending forward and gripping the hands so outreached, Conseltine, with little or no danger to himself, could have drawn him on the solid ground ; but instead of so doing he looked at the miserable man and made no effort to assist him. The opportunity of the moment passed, and with a shriek of despair Feagus was swept away.

Pale as death, Conseltine watched him until he disappeared altogether, and then, white as a spectre, walked up the river-side. He was safe now, and the only man who could denounce him and bring any certain proof of his guilt was silenced forever.

"The drunken fool!" he muttered. "That threat has cost him his life. Had he lived he would have done what he threatened to do, so he's better where he is."

He looked back across the river. Blake's Hall stood untouched, but all around it was the dark mass of the moving bog, still creeping across the vale. Where the hedge had fallen a great lake of water, fed by the river, was spreading and spreading. The rain still fell heavily, adding to the general desolation.

He turned and hastened till he reached the road leading to the village and castle of Kilpatrick. As he strode along he passed numbers of men, women, and children hurrying in the same direction, but spoke to none and was heeded by none, until he was close upon the village, when he came suddenly face to face with his son.

"Father!" cried Richard, aghast at the wild figure before him, "I've been looking for you everywhere. What has happened?"

In a few brief words Conseltine related what had occurred—the search for Blake, the strong convulsion of nature, his own escape, and the death of Feagus. Then Richard, on his side, had something to tell, which made Conseltine sick with rage and dread. What that something was will be known in the sequel. The result of the communication was that father and son made no attempt to return to Kilpatrick Castle, but, within a few hours of their meeting, had gained the nearest railway-station and were on their way to Dublin.

XVI.

IN WHICH LORD KILPATRICK NAMES HIS HEIR.

It was not till Blake was half way on the road to Maguire's cottage that the personal significance to himself of the errand with which Peebles had intrusted him dawned upon him. His first impulse was to call to the coachman to return to the castle, and to request Peebles to find another messenger.

"By the Holy! but 'tis a fine business I'm in for, a two-mile ride with Moya Macartney and Desmond, and 'tis a comfortable quarter of an hour I'll be after having."

His habitual recklessness prevailed, however, aided by the thought that, as the bearer of the message of peace he might have a better chance of pardon for past peccadilloes. He arrived at Maguire's cottage, which had a lonely and deserted aspect in the bright mid-day sunshine. No curl of smoke from the chimney announced the presence of an occupant, and the door was fast shut. It opened at his knock and disclosed Moya.

"God save all here!" said Blake, with his customary swagger rather broadened.

"Amen to that, Patrick Blake," said Moya, calmly, "for some of us need His mercy. What is it ye want here?"

"Just yourself," said Blake. "I'm from the castle with a message from old Peebles. Ye're asked for there."

Moya turned a shade paler.

"Is he there?—Desmond?"

"I'm going on to Doolan's farm to take him," said Blake. "I've the carriage waitin' here." He hesitated for a moment, and then added, with more show of feeling than was common with him, "I'm a quare sort o' messenger to send on this errand, and God knows ye're little likely to relish my society. It's no sort o' use in the world to say I'm sorry, or to offer apologies for what's past, but I hope it's good news I'm bringin' ye. In fact, I know it's good news. He took off his hat with a gesture that was almost dignified. "Will ye do me the honor to accompany me, Lady Kilpatrick?"

Moya drew her shawl about her face and walked to the carriage, the door of which Blake held open for her. He mounted beside the

driver, and another ten minutes saw them at the farm. Desmond was in the yard, seated on a bench and engaged in splicing a fishing-rod. He checked the pensive whistle with which he accompanied his work at the sound of the approaching wheels, and, at the sight of Blake on the box of the carriage, dropped the rod to the ground and strode forward at a quickened pace and with heightened color. Blake descended and confronted him.

"Tell me this, Mr. Blake," said Desmond. "I'm in a bit of a quandary. There is a man I know who's a villain, but he's ould enough to be my father, and I hear that he's a clergyman, so I can neither call him out nor lay a stick across his back. What'd ye do in my place?"

"Faith," said Blake, "tis a troublesome question. 'Twill take thinking over. In the meantime I've news for ye. Ye're wanted at the castle."

"Am I?" said Desmond. "And who wants me?"

"Ould Peebles."

"Then tell him," said Desmond, "that when I enter my father's doors again 'twill be either to find my mother there, or with her on my arm."

"Sure," said Blake, "she's in the carriage at this minute, and goin' to the castle with ye. Your troubles are over, Desmond, and hers."

"You have a right to congratulate me on that, haven't ye?" asked the boy, with scornful anger.

"Faith, and if I haven't, who has?" replied Blake, unabashed. "And look here, Desmond Conseltine ; in regard to the matter ye mentioned just now, sure there'll be no difficulty whatever. 'Tis not myself that'll take refuge behind a black coat and a white choker. Twenty paces or a six-foot ring will do for me, and so, my service to ye. 'Twould ease your heart and end the bad blood between us, maybe. But there's things more important than diversions o' that sort on hand."

Moya's white face appeared at the carriage window, and Desmond, with a final angry look at Blake, joined her. Blake remounted the box and gave the word for home. The coachman, who had received his instructions from Peebles, made a detour in order to approach the castle from the back. Moya trembled like a leaf as they approached the house, and clung tight to Desmond's hand.

Warned by his scout, Peebles was at the door to receive them.

"Moya," he said, "I beg your pardon, Lady Kilpatrick, but the ould name comes easiest,—his lordship has asked for Desmond. He kens that—that he is his lawful son, and the way he took the news was just joyfu' to see. He repents his past sin, he'll welcome the boy back to his hair and home. But he does na ken—I hadn't the courage to tell him—that you are living. I thought 'twould come best from Desmond. Desmond, lad, be gentle wi' him. We a' ha'e much to forgi'e each other, and—he's your father, man, when a' is said and done. Mak' your peace wi' him, and then briek it to him as gently as ye can. He's in the library. I'll get your mother up-stairs cannily, into the anteroom, to be at hand. Eh?" he cried, with a quiver in his voice and a flash of moisture in his eyes which did more than all his entreaties to soften Desmond. "Hoch, sir! but this is a joyfu' day. I can lay down my ould bones in thankfulness, praising God for His mercies. It's a grand day, this, and I'd never thocht to live to see the like!"

The old man fairly broke down. Desmond took his hand and pressed it, with the tears in his own eyes, and it was in a much kindlier mood than that in which he had entered the house that he mounted the stairs leading to the library. He stood for a minute outside the door. His breath was heavy, and the beating of his heart filled his ears like the pulse of a muffled drum. When he knocked, Kilpatrick's voice answered from within, bidding him enter, with a strange, quick catch in it.

The old man was standing near the window, with the light streaming on his face, which was very worn and haggard; Desmond thought even that his hair had whitened a little since he last saw him, though so short a time had elapsed. Kilpatrick advanced a pace or two with outstretched hands, and then paused with bent head. A strange mingling of many nameless and some nameable emotions welled up in Desmond's heart,—memories of a thousand kindnesses and generosities, pity for the proud man humbled,—and before he knew it his arms were round the old man's neck, and they were mingling their tears together. Kilpatrick was terribly agitated.

"My son! my son!" was all he could say for a time. He repeated the words again and again, each time more passionately, as if at this moment their wonderful significance had become clear to him for the first time. "You forgive me, Desmond?"

The boy took the gray head between his hands and kissed his father on the forehead, wetting his face with his tears.

"It is more than I deserve," said the old man. "I was a scoundrel, a villain! I broke your mother's heart, Desmond; the sweetest, purest heart that ever beat. Ye can't forgive me for that. Nothing can ever take that load from my heart: nothing, till I die, and she asks God to pardon me."

"Father!" said Desmond. "I have strange news for you. Are you well and strong enough to bear it?"

"Nothing can hurt me now," said Kilpatrick.

"Ye don't know what it is," said Desmond. "I'm afraid 'twill be a dreadful shock to you, at first: a happy one after, I hope."

"Well," said the father, with a faint touch of his old quickness of temper, "what is it? Speak out, my boy, and tell me. Some scrape you've got into, eh? Well, that's forgiven before you tell me."

"You regret the past?" asked Desmond. "You could make amends for it to the utmost extent in your power?"

"I will make amends for it, Desmond. There is nothing you can ask me that I will not do, no burden you can lay upon me that I will not gladly bear."

"I hope," said Desmond, after a short pause, "that ye won't think what I'm going to tell ye is burden. Faith, 'tis hard to know where to begin! Supposing—mind, I only say, supposing—supposing my mother were not dead at all,—supposing she were alive and came back here,—would you make the same amends there as you say you'll make to me?"

"You—you torture me!" cried Kilpatrick. "Why rake up these painful recollections? Why ask questions of this sort, when they can do no good? Every day of my life for eighteen years past I have repented the wrong I did. God knows, if it were possible I would undo it."

"Ye mane that!" cried Desmond.

"Heaven knows I do," said Kilpatrick: "but of what avail is it to speak of such things now?"

Kilpatrick searched his son's face with distending eyes.

"Desmond! For God's sake, tell me what you mean?"

"I mean," said Desmond, taking his father's hand, "that God has been very good to us both, father. If I tell it to you too suddenly, forgive me. I don't know how to break it properly. My mother is alive."

Kilpatrick staggered as if the words had shot him.

"Alive!" he gasped. "Moya Macartney alive!"

"She lives," said Desmond, "and in a little while she'll be here, in Ireland."

Kilpatrick sank into a seat and sat trembling like a man ague-struck.

"In fact," said Desmond, "she is in Ireland already and on her way here."

The old man sprang to his feet.

"She is here—she's in the house!"

Desmond walked to the ante-room door and made a sign to Moya. She advanced into the library, and let slip the shawl from her face.

"God of heaven!" cried Kilpatrick, falling to his knees. "Moya!"

She stood still, looking down on him, the broad light falling on her wrinkled face and whitening hair. Kilpatrick bent his head beneath her gaze, and an awful sob broke from his throat. Desmond closed the door, leaving them together; the meeting was too sacred to be witnessed even by him.

* * * * *

A long time had gone by, and the shadow of the castle had blotted out the sunshine which had spread its glory of golden green in the lawn when the carriage had reached the castle. Desmond still sat alone when a light step crossed the floor, and a soft arm was slipped round his neck. He looked up and saw Dulcie through the mist that blurred his sight.

"You needn't say anything, Desmond," she said. "Peebles has told me. I am so happy, dear, for your sake."

He drew her to his knee.

"Ye loved me, Dulcie, when I was the poor squireen. Ye won't love me the less now that I'm to be the next Lord Kilpatrick?"

"Not less," said Dulcie, "nor more. Sure," she added, with the most musical of brogues, "'twould be impossible!"

(THE END.)

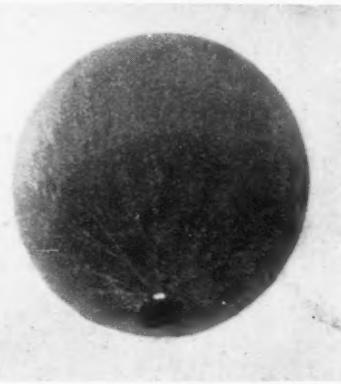
Sale of the Old Homestead.

THE picture on the first page of our present issue tells its own story. It represents an incident which is, unfortunately, only too common in the fluctuations of our modern life. Misfortune has overtaken a family which has been well-to-do—which was once socially conspicuous in all the country round. It may be that a favorite son has squandered in riotous living or lost in Wall Street the family estate; or a

shrinkage of landed values may have absorbed the slender savings of the household chest; or misfortune in some other form may have made impossible the retention of the homestead, and so at last there is a "vendue," and the home-stead, with its belongings, goes under the hammer. One by one the family treasures are handed over to the highest bidder; even the old-time clock, which has "ticked off" the lives of young and old through the passing years, goes with the rest. What wonder that mother and daughter look upon the scene through a mist of tears! At last the house itself, under whose roof there has been so much of happiness, troubled now and then by intruding pain and sorrow, and the outlying acres where the harvests of more prosperous years were gathered, and the trees under which the children played, and the garden where the sunflowers and hollyhocks have bloomed through many a summer—at last, these also are "cried" by the auctioneer to the gaping crowd of neighbors, and, purchased by some local Croesus, pass forever from the possession of those to whom they have a value infinitely beyond any mere money computation. Life is full of tragedies, but among them all there are few more pathetic than those which are sometimes disclosed at old-fashioned country "vendues," like that depicted by our artist.

A Balloon Voyage to the Pole.

PROFESSOR S. A. ANDRÉE, chief engineer of the royal patent bureau of Sweden, distinguished scientist and aeronaut, proposes to cut the gordian knot of the polar problem by crossing the so ardently-sought terra incognita early next year. It is not on the disastrous polar seas, with their death-dealing polar ice, that M. An-



SIX HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE GROUND.

dré intends reaching and passing the goal that so many have sought in vain, but over it—quite a distance over it—through the air, in a balloon. M. André's scheme has commanded wide attention because he is acknowledged to be a practical balloonist, having demonstrated his ability in that direction at various times. One of his most notable achievements in air-sailing was his Gothenburg trip. It was one Sunday morning that he made his preparations for a jaunt over the clouds. Boarding his balloon in Gothenburg at 12:57 o'clock, before it was 5 P.M. he had crossed Sweden. On Monday he was seated at his desk at the patent bureau in Stockholm. The distance covered was about two hundred and forty-five English miles, while the average rate of speed was over thirty miles an hour. This trip aroused unusual interest among European experts.

M. André proposes to establish headquarters on one of the Norwegian islands on the northwest coast of Spitzbergen. There the balloon will be filled, a shed having been built sufficiently large to accommodate a balloon of twenty-two metres in diameter, and from there the start will be made northward.

Gas prepared for balloons is manufactured and for sale, put up in cylinders ready for transportation to any point. It is estimated that from seventeen to eighteen hundred cylinders will fill a balloon of the kind M. André intends using. This could be safely shipped to Spitzbergen. The putting up of the portable shed is a safety measure, as some danger is attached to the filling of so large a balloon in the open air. The balloon will have a sailing outfit, with which M. André will be able to keep her under complete control. It will have sufficient carrying power to support a gondola of considerable size and of solid construction. It will contain a dark-room for photographic purposes, sleeping-rooms for three persons, and a canvas boat. Photographs in double sets will be taken as the balloon advances, one to be developed on board in case of accident, when many things would necessarily be lost. Safety-lamps and electric storage batteries for cooking are included in the outfit. The gondola will be hung in such a way that it may be detached at

a moment's notice, in case of emergency or disaster. A great number of heavy ballast lines will be provided, so that in case the balloon should for any reason sink suddenly to a great depth, the lines would touch the ground and the balloon be relieved of corresponding weight, thus arresting the descent before the gondola touches the ground. The balloon will not be permitted to ascend higher than two hundred and fifty metres. This is regulated by a number of drag-lines made of cocoa fibre that will float on the water.

The course now decided upon is to be in a direct line from Spitzbergen, across the North Pole to the shore of Behring Strait, a distance of three thousand seven hundred kilometres, and will not, at the outside, take more than six days, being a fifth part of the time a balloon can float without refilling. Physic-meteorological and geographical observations will be made by the scientists. The atmospheric conditions in the polar regions are considered very favorable for aerial navigation. During the month of July the sun hovers on the horizon. The lowest temperature registered during that month at Spitzbergen was 2.20, and the highest 8.20.

Great disaster would threaten the balloon if it were to encounter heavy snow-storms, and this probability has been feared, but from observations made during the month of July at Spitzbergen this danger is not to be apprehended.

The total cost of the expedition will be in the neighborhood of forty-eight thousand dollars. This amount has already been secured, King Oscar, Baron Dickson, and Dr. Alfred Nobel, a Swedish millionaire, and the Scandinavian member of the Standard Oil Company, having subscribed the necessary amount.

M. André is now in Paris superintending the construction of his balloon. The project is no longer uncertain or visionary, but will actually take place early in June, 1896. Let us hope that this intrepid air-sailor may succeed in reaching the goal in his balloon, make his port in all safety, and (if Peary is not before him) reap the honors that the world will lavishly bestow upon him, and which will be his due.

FRIDA STEPHENSON SHARPE.

Torpedo-boats Nos. 6, 7, and 8.

THE new torpedo-boats designed by the Navy Department will differ from all other torpedo-boats in one very essential particular at least—that of having a forecastle deck, all other boats of this class having the rounded or "turtle-back" deck. This new feature will serve several good ends, mainly in making the boats much drier and better sea-going craft, and affording increased berthing facilities for the crew and a housing for the windlass and all forward gear.

The three boats are each to cost not more than one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars; or, exclusive of an ordnance outfit, which will be supplied out of existing appropriations, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The reasonable cost of material at the present time permits low estimates, and while the contract requirements are severe and the conditions of bidding limit the work to firms with little or no experience in such construction, the department feels that there will be no difficulty in securing bids within the limit.

The boats must be completed within fifteen months from the time the contract is signed, and the bidding is at first confined to firms on the gulf, the Mississippi, and the Pacific coast. Should no bids be submitted from these quarters, or should the bidding be excessive or in any way unsatisfactory, the secretary is permitted under the law to invite bids from

ship-builders generally, or to have the work done at the navy yards.

The boats are required to maintain a speed of twenty-six knots per hour, and no premiums will be paid for an excess of that figure, but a penalty of ten thousand dollars will be exacted for every knot less than twenty-six, should the speed of the boat be less than that of twenty-five knots. In such an event the boat may be rejected, or accepted at a reduced price.

The boat will have twin screws, each actuated by its own triple-expansion engine working in a separate water-tight compartment. The principal dimensions are: Length on load-line, one hundred and seventy feet; extreme beam on load-line, seventeen feet; mean draught, normal, five feet, six inches; normal displacement, one hundred and eighty tons; indicated horse-power, three thousand two hundred; required speed, twenty-six knots. The craft will be built of steel or of alloy, whichever the contractor, with the secretary's approval, may deem best fitted to the end of economical distribution of weight and strength.

The armament will consist of three torpedotubes and mounts, four one-pounder rapid-fire guns, four automobile torpedoes, six hundred rounds of one-pounder ammunition, and one stowing-case. The torpedo discharges will be arranged upon the main deck, the forward, broadside tubes being placed *en échelon*, and, besides the extended arc of fire of each on its own side, will be capable of considerable range athwartships. The after-discharge will be on the centre line, and will have an arc of fire of nearly two hundred and eighty degrees. The torpedoes will be of the eighteen-inch Whitehead type, having a motive force of compressed air.

There will be two conning-towers, one forward and the other aft, each situated thirty-five feet from its respective end; steering-gear in each, admitting of control from either station. The forward tower will be surmounted by one of the rapid-fire guns, the other guns being arranged in advantageous positions along the port and starboard rails.

Steam, at a pressure of two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch, will be supplied by three water-tube boilers, two of which will be placed in a water-tight compartment forward of the engines, and will use a fire-room between them in common; the other boiler will be in a water-tight compartment abaft the engine space.

A. F. MATTHEWS.

Late Naval Designs.

THE designs for the six new gun-boats authorized by the last Congress seem to point to a compromise with the older men of the service, who have been lamenting the disappearance from the navy of the towering masts and poetry-compelling sails of the vessels of the Revolution to the days of our Civil War; for three of the boats are so designed that they may be entirely independent of engine and boiler. It is intended, for economical reasons, that they shall, during times of peace, cruise under sail alone, and with fair breezes a sea speed of from eight to twelve knots is expected. They are not to be at the mercy of the winds, however, for ample boiler power and triple-expansion engines are provided, which, through the medium of a single screw, will drive them at a rate of twelve knots. The three other boats will each have two military masts, upon which considerable fore-and-aft canvas can be spread. These ships will have two vertical, direct-acting, triple-expansion engines, rights and lefts; each in its own water-tight compartment, and will operate twin screws.

Another departure from the vessels of the present decade will be that the six new ships will be of the composite type. The framing will be of steel up to and above the water-line;

the upper edge of the wood plank will lap the top-side plating about three feet.

The advantages of this construction are that the ships will be largely independent of docking facilities, and economical in the use of fuel. The exfoliation of the copper causes barnacles, grass, etc., to be released as soon as the vessel is in motion, resulting in a clean bottom and unimpeded speed. The craft are particularly designed for service on the shallow rivers on foreign stations, and are comparatively light of draught.

THE DIMENSIONS.

	Single screw type.	Twin-screw type.
Length on water-line	168 feet.	174 feet.
Beam, extreme on water-line	36 "	34 "
Draught, normal	12 "	12 "
Displacement, normal	1,000 tons.	1,000 tons.
Indicated horse-power	800	800

The armament, being identical in both types, will consist of six four-inch, four six-pounder, and two one-pounder, all rapid-fire guns. They are to be placed as follows: Four four-inch guns in two batteries, port and starboard, amidships on the gun-decks; the two other four-inch guns to be carried on the main deck, one at the bow, the other at the stern. The six-pounders will be on the gun-deck, one on either bow and two amidships between the four-inch guns respectively in the port and starboard batteries. The one-pounder guns will be disposed of on the hammock berthing.

In order to encourage the ship-builders of the different sections of the country, it is planned that no one concern will construct more than two of the vessels. One million five hundred thousand dollars is the sum expected to be expended in the building, which is exclusive of the cost of fitting out and the armament.

Perpetuating a Historic Name.



JAMES A. GARFIELD AT TWENTY-EIGHT, WHEN ELECTED TO THE STATE SENATE.

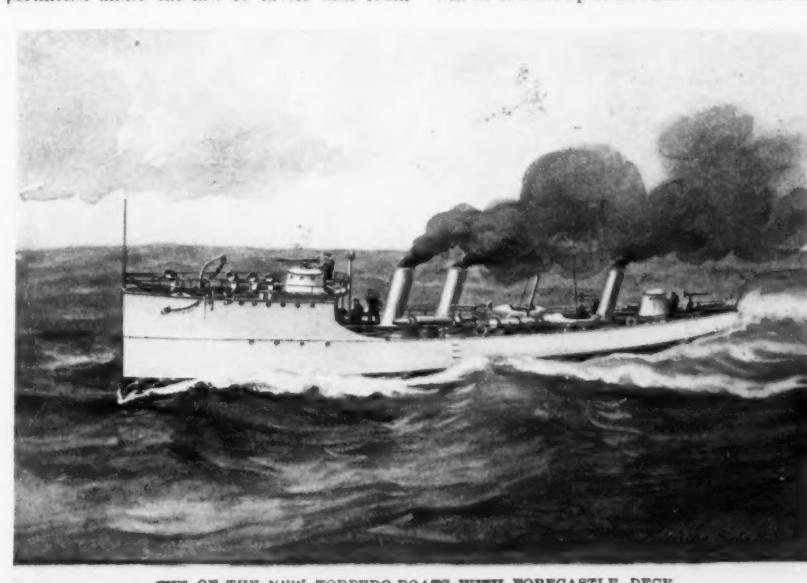
Rudolph Garfield, the second son of the martyred President, was nominated for State Senator in Ohio. Though sentiment had something to do with the nomination, young Garfield has really earned the honor, and bids fair to be a Republican leader in the State which honored his father, and which proudly reveres the father's memory. There is a chain of coincidences connected with this nomination which gives to a local event a national interest. Garfield the younger is about the age at which Garfield the elder entered politics in 1859. The father was nominated for the same office of State Senator in the same district. There has been some objection to young Garfield because of his youth. In 1859 the same objection was urged against the elder Garfield, who by some of the old party leaders in the Western reserve was deemed too young for Senatorial honors. But Garfield the elder was always described as "boyish" even when he was great among men and a leader in Congress.

James R. Garfield, who will be elected Senator in November, is now a practicing lawyer in Cleveland. In this he is in advance of his father, who did not become a lawyer until his election to the State Senate.

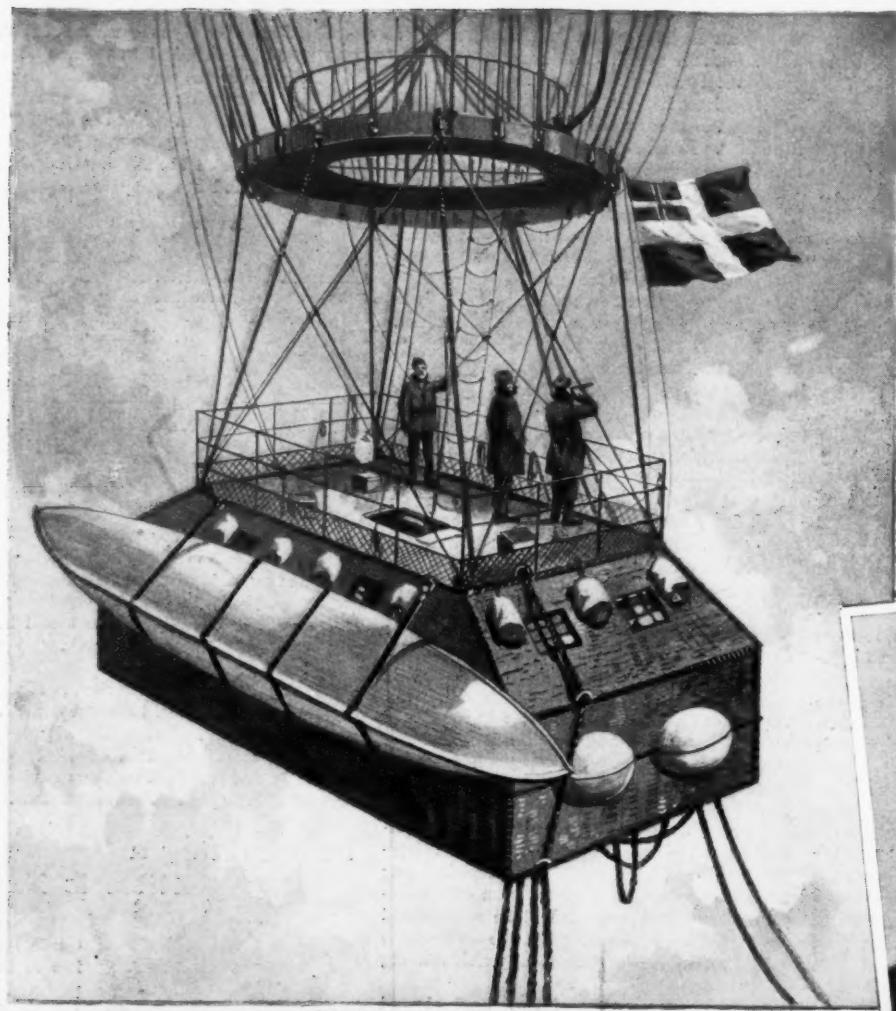
Politicians in Ohio, the State so fruitful in political sensations and surprises, look with high expectations to the beginning of young Garfield's political career. The young man resembles his father more than any one else in the family, and inherits his father's love of learning as well as his oratorical bent. He is in a section which worships his father's memory, and sentiment counts for much in politics, especially in Ohio. It is a section, too, famous for big Republican majorities, and a nomination means election.

There is every reason, therefore, to believe that within two years young Garfield will take his father's old place in Congress, and after that there is no limit to the career the young man may find open before him.

FRANK B. GESSNER,



ONE OF THE NEW TORPEDO-BOATS WITH FORECASTLE DECK.



GONDOLA AND OBSERVATORY.



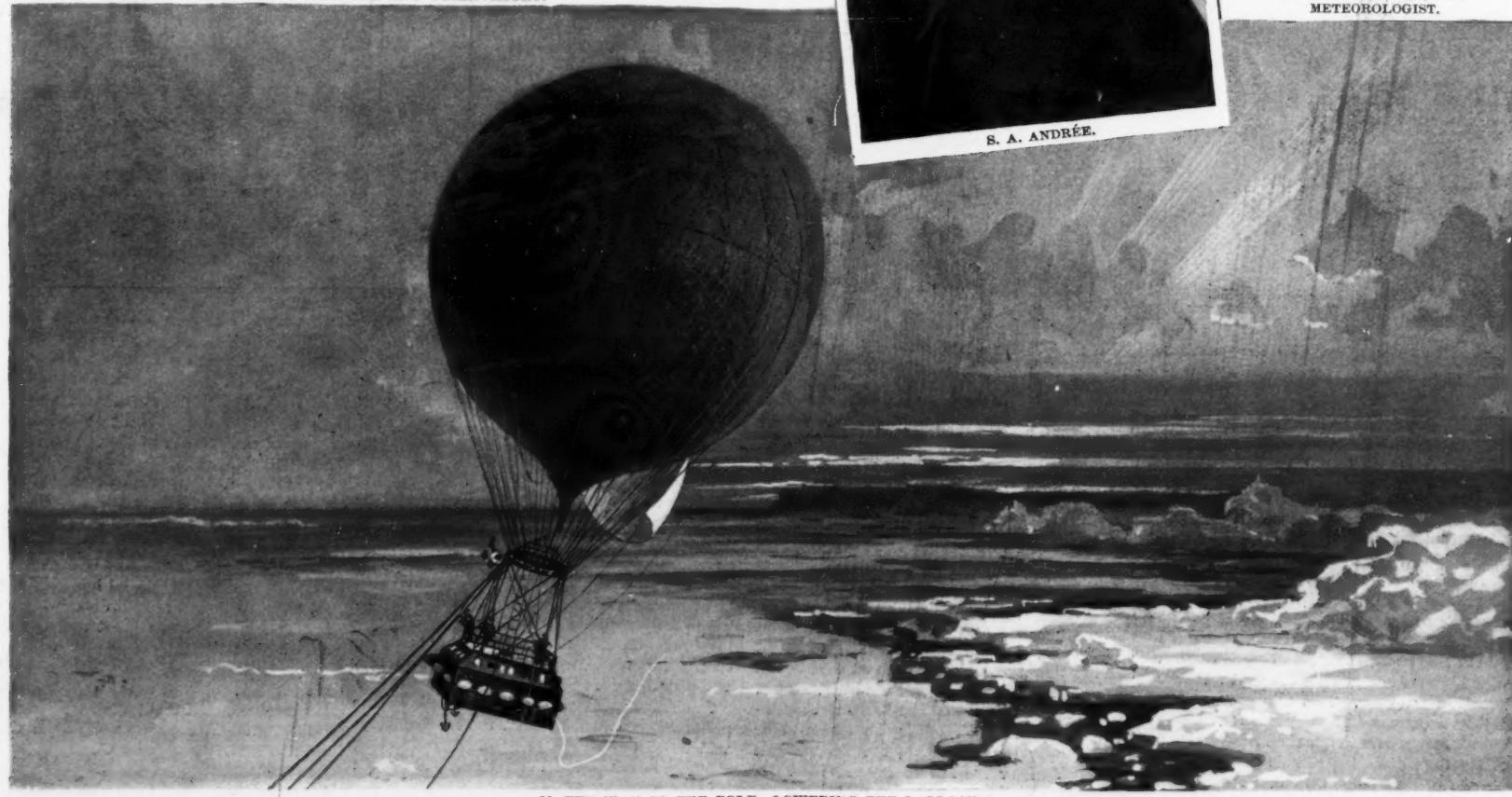
MAP OF THE COURSE OF THE VOYAGE.



S. A. ANDRÉE.



DR. NILS EKHLOM, THE METEOROLOGIST.



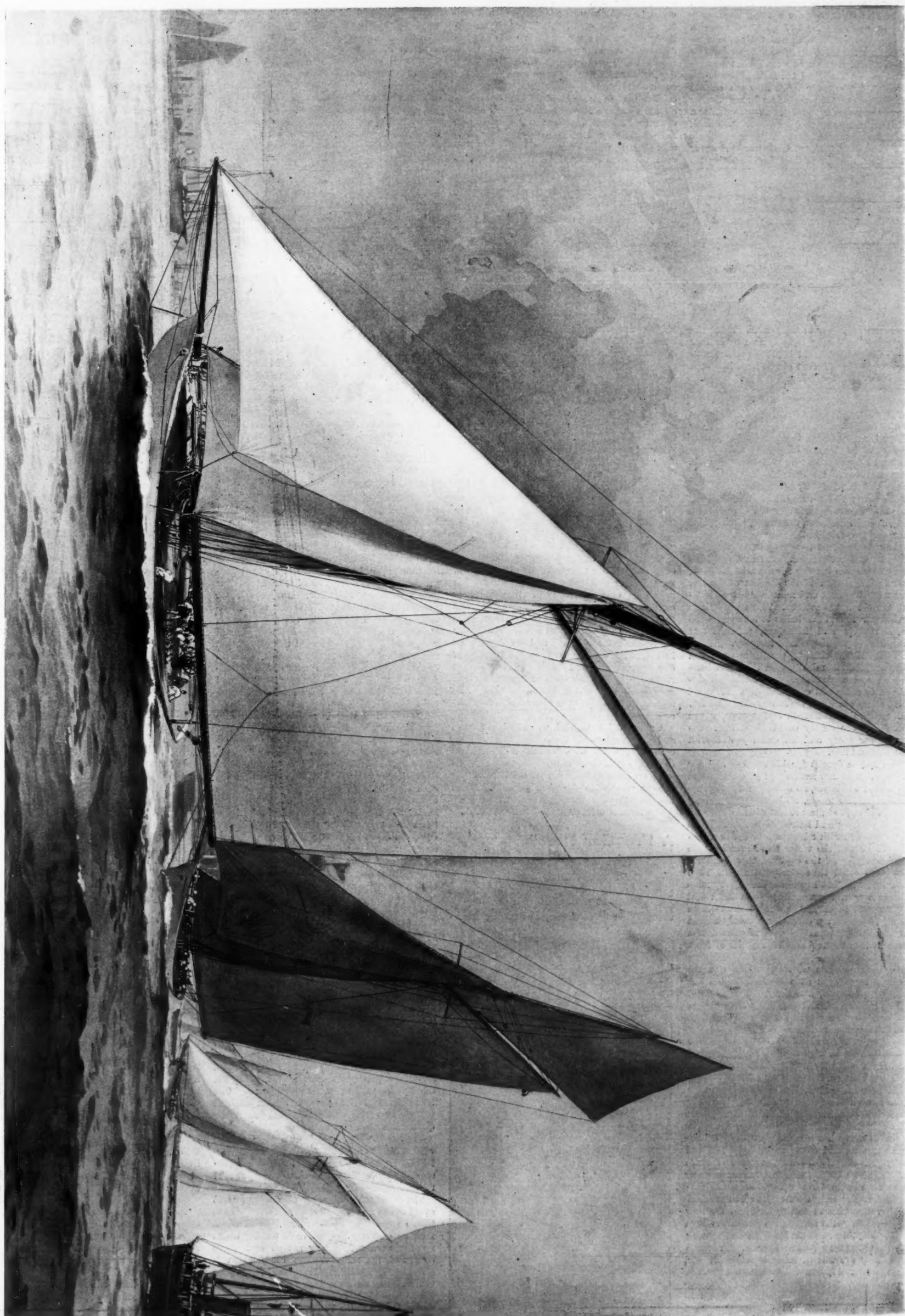
ON THE WAY TO THE POLE—LOWERING THE BALLOON.



THE NORWEGIAN ISLANDS, SPITZBERGEN, WHERE THE START WILL BE MADE.

A novel way of reaching the North Pole by means of a balloon will be undertaken by the well-known Swedish aeronaut, Chief Civil Engineer S. A. Andrée, who intends leaving Spitzbergen in his air-ship and, crossing the polar regions, to land on the shores of Behring Strait.

TO THE NORTH POLE VIA BALLOON.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED EXPRESSLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY PROFESSOR S. A. ANDRÉE, CHIEF OF THE EXPEDITION.—[SEE PAGE 108.]



Defender.

Volunteer.

Jubilee.

Vigilant.

THE CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB—THE START IN THE RACE FOR THE GOELET CUP, OFF NEWPORT—“DEFENDER” IN THE LEAD.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 107.]

Indian Courage.

A POPULAR opinion regarding the American Indians is that if they are not downright cowards they are possessed of no great courage. Their methods of fighting and their cruelty toward captives certainly give ground for this belief. The Indians fight from behind the shelter of rocks, trees, and the inequalities of the ground. They never make an open assault unless they can take their foes by surprise, or greatly outnumber them. If they encounter a stubborn resistance they give over the attack and are gone as suddenly as they came. Their attacks are made in "extended order," never with closed ranks, and they must be dealt with singly. They delight in ambuscades and night attacks. Craft, not courage, is the quality most highly esteemed in an Indian warrior. The Indian fights for some substantial end or for revenge. The white man fights for glory.

In a war where a desire for revenge is the inciting motive, where is the revenge if the avenger loses his life in taking it? And what boots it to the victor if he does not live to enjoy the fruits of his victory? The Indian theory of warfare seems, after all, a wise one. They seek to inflict the greatest amount of injury upon the enemy that can be inflicted with a minimum of injury to themselves. If the victory must be dearly bought, no matter how great the victory would be, they prefer not to buy it. The modern art of war has vindicated the wisdom of the Indian theory of warfare. Prudence, not cowardice, dictates the Indian's caution in battle.

The white man fights for glory. Nine-tenths of the European wars have been fought for glory. In very few of them has the aggressor been actuated by anything save a desire for military aggrandizement. War in the past has been a theatrical spectacle. The glittering armor and the knightly courtesies of the days of chivalry, the mouth-filling titles of the knights; the movements of vast bodies of men, the gorgeous uniforms, the music, the brilliant banners of warfare in the later centuries, what a glamour they lent to war and the pursuit of glory! There were dukedoms and earldoms and marquisates waiting for the bold knights; there were crosses of the Legion of Honor, generals' chapeaux and marshals' batons waiting for the brave soldiers. There were kings and emperors and fair ladies to smile upon the heroes; poets and historians, painters and sculptors, to perpetuate their memory. And so the magnificent charges, the forlorn hopes in the face of certain death, with the world looking on and applauding. The European disdained to creep and crawl in battle. He stood erect where glory and the enemy could see him. He charged in battalions and squares, where glory and the enemy could mark him. He fought for glory and his country where all could behold him.

The Indian fought for his country and for revenge. He knew nothing of glory. He had no poets, no painters, no orders of nobility, no decorations, no music, no battle-flags, nothing to incite him, to inflame him in battle, but love of his country and hatred of the foe. If he could not win with advantage he declined battle. If he was the victor he fed fat his hate with the agony of the captives, though he was not more cruel than European victors have been up to the last few centuries. Every male Indian was a warrior, and when the tribal armies were in battle the whole nation was in arms, and a severe defeat or a dearly-bought victory meant more than to a European nation with its almost inexhaustible supplies of fresh soldiers.

In their warfare with the white man the Indians have been at a disadvantage. The whites have usually been better armed. Except in the earliest colonial days they have always been able to draw upon larger numbers than the Indians could. The Indians have found it necessary to husband their forces in war. Their victories must be with little loss to themselves, else many victories would mean final defeat and annihilation.

The tendency of modern science in war has been toward the Indian's methods. The early American colonists adopted them, for they were the best methods in a wooded country. The German army has adopted the "extended order" system, and other armies have followed suit. The skirmish-line has long been a feature of American tactics, though younger military critics are inclined to speak of the German "extended order" as something new and original to Germany, not to America. Lines are now formed with wide intervals between the men composing them, and the old system of fighting *en masse* has been done away with. An Indian simplicity prevails in modern uniforms and equipments. Modern warfare is business-like, not glorious. The tendency is to discard everything that can be seen at a distance. The shining steel of musket and bayonet has been "blued" or "bronzed." Buttons have vanished from service uniforms, and hooks-and-eyes

and frogs have taken their place. Brilliant colors have given place to sombre browns, blues, and grays. The soldier is taught to creep, to crawl, to take advantage of the shelter of trees and rocks. As he crawls through the woods in his dark uniform he is as little discernible upon the ground as the dark Indian would be. How different from Braddock's day, when the colonial troops were accused of cowardice because they fought behind trees, according to the tactics at present in vogue with all the leading military nations. How different from Napoleon's time, when the troops went into battle massed in squares, wearing bearskin shakoes, white cross-belts, and bright-colored uniforms spangled with glistening buttons.

The Indian's title to the possession of bravery, clouded by his war tactics, has been cleared by the adoption of his system by the leading military nations. Of his personal, individual bravery, there can be no doubt. As an individual there is no braver man, no less boastful man, than the American Indian. Brave! What do the annals of chivalry have to place beside the incident of the Wounded Knee campaign, where two Indian boys charged upon a regiment of regulars? What braver thing than the Aztecs, with their poor, stone-pointed arrows and glass knives, attacking the mailed horsemen of Spain, armed with steel and fire-arms? What doughtier knight than the old Arapahoe riding straight at a troop of charging cavalry, snatching his wounded son from under their very hoofs, and riding off, followed by cheers, not bullets? What deed of more desperate daring than that of the young Apache who, surrounded by soldiers, leaps from a cliff in the cañon of the Colorado, into the river a hundred feet below, and escapes? What more chivalrous deed than that of Mattowan, a graduate of Dartmouth College, who, finding a white class-mate a captive, sick and worn out and condemned to run the gauntlet at midnight, runs the gauntlet himself and spirits his friend back to the settlement?

Alone of the savage races, the Indian has proved a worthy foe to the white man. Africa, with its hundred million negroes, has been an easy conquest for the white. North America, with its few hundred thousand Indians, has been conquered inch by inch. What were the casualties of the wars between the English and the Zulus, Kaffirs, and Matabeles, compared to the casualties of our Indian wars? What were the troubles of the Dutch and English settlers in South Africa compared to the troubles of our frontier settlers? Alone of the savage races, the Indian has been undaunted by that mysterious awe which the resourceful white man has ever inspired in the resourceless savage.

A savage. Uneducated, unwashed, yet brave and honest, a lover of truth and liberty. Educate him, wash him, assimilate him. The composite American nationality that is to be built up from the diverse nationalities of our present population can gain something from incorporating the American Indian.

CAPTAIN CHARLES A. CURTIS, U. S. A.

A Frontier Hero's Odd Monument.

NINETEEN years ago, on August 3d, 1876, a bullet coming from behind bore death to probably the most widely-known frontier hero of the stirring days of cowboy and mining fame—



THE MONUMENT.

J. B. Hickok, called throughout the West by his chosen title of "Wild Bill." Now he has a monument, unique and typical of his exciting career. A memorial stone, capped by a bust which but faintly resembles the departed, has been erected on a wooded slope of the mountain cemetery at Deadwood, South Dakota, where the desperado who had followed Wild Bill for months consummated his revenge. On the rough front of the granite is a brief recitation of daring deeds. Above, standing out in relief, are two crossed revolvers, carved with striking exactness, telling eloquently the calling of the deceased. "Custer was lonely without him," is the only motto.

Hickok was born at La Salle, Illinois, in 1839. He was scout, gambler, frontier officer, and reformer. He was marshal of Abilene, Kansas, when the Texas cattle-trail trade was at its height, and compelled the untamable cowboys to go unarmed and respect the law. Other cattle towns secured his services, and he always brought order out of their chaotic conditions, regardless of the number of men he had to shoot to do it. It was said that his revolver never missed its mark, and it is certain that the purse of ten thousand dollars once made up by the cattlemen for his death, because he had killed, while on duty, one of their number, was never claimed.

With the close of the cattle trade Hickok drifted to the mining camps of Colorado and Dakota, where he met his fate. More than a score of men met their fate before Wild Bill's deadly aim, and this was claim enough to greatness to win from many other frontiersmen cooperation in the erection of the strange memorial in the mountain cemetery. C. M. HARGER.

Electricity vs. Steam on Railways.

THE electrical system adopted by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company to haul trains through the city of Baltimore is the first and only one of the kind yet placed in operation. It has been tested with freight-trains of twenty-six loaded cars and two steam-power locomotives, which were pulled up an eight-per-cent. grade at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, the steam locomotives not being used. From Camden station to North Avenue in Baltimore, one and three-fifths miles, the electric locomotive hauled fifteen hundred tons of dead weight in five and one-third minutes, actual running time. As it is designed to operate an ordinary passenger-train weighing five hundred tons at thirty-five miles per hour, this and other tests demonstrate its success beyond question.

The electrical way is about two miles in length, consisting of open cut and tunnel work, the largest tunnel being 7,339 feet long, and extending under the heart of the city. The current is carried along an inverted trough or channel of metal placed at an angle over the centre of the track, and supported by a series of transverse supports or "bridges," from which chains of iron rods are suspended, which are the immediate support of the channel in the open cuts. In the tunnel work the channel, which is a substitute for the trolley wire, is suspended by insulated supports from the roof. The current is supplied to this channel by three copper feed-cables, each of sixty-one wires. The motor receives the current through a brass shoe sliding along the channel, and is connected with it by a jointed metallic frame, which is raised or lowered automatically, adjusting itself to any position. This is the substitute for the trolley bar in common use. The electric locomotives, of which three will be in service, weigh ninety-six tons each—about thirty more than the larger Mogul freight engines. They have eight driving-wheels, each sixty-two inches in diameter, and two trucks. To each truck are attached two motors, each able to take a current of nine hundred electrical amperes and of three hundred and sixty horse-power, making a total of one thousand four hundred and forty horse-power to the locomotive. They are the largest railway motors ever built. The locomotive is provided with air-brake, bell, and whistle, and is operated by a parallel controller quite similar to a street-car.

The current is generated in a power-station containing five engines, each operating a five-hundred Kilowatt generator, and capable of securing three thousand steam horse-power if needed.

The reason for adopting electricity was to avoid smoke and gas in the tunnel work, and to insure greater speed than could be obtained from an ordinary locomotive in pulling trains up the necessarily heavy grades and sharp curves of the railway. The road, which is seven and one-fifth miles long, was built to give the company an all-rail route from Washington to New York, and avoid ferrying of trains across the Patapsco River, heretofore a cause of delay and annoyance. The cost of construction was seven million dollars, the tunnel

work costing two hundred and twenty-five dollars per foot. D. ALLEN WILLEY.

The Nantasket Electrical Railroad.

WITHIN fifteen miles of Boston may now be seen the novel spectacle of passenger-trains of from two to five heavily-loaded coaches drawn by an electric locomotive at the rate of forty miles an hour over a curving track. Long gravel and freight trains rush by at scarcely less speed behind the hissing, flashing trolley motor, with its screeching air-whistle.

This electric railroad was put into operation on the 29th of June. So the era of electric railroading is inaugurated, not with majestic storage-battery engines, as long predicted, but by this same ubiquitous, bumptious trolley that has long been swishing its broomstick tail in the face of the dignified railway locomotive, until at last it has got itself transferred to a standard-gauge track as the rival of the proud steam-engine.

The new motor is quite different, however, from the street-car trolley. It has the body of a baggage-car and the pilot or cow-catcher of a steam-engine, and weighs sixty thousand pounds. Underneath are red-painted driving-wheels thirty-six inches in diameter. On the roof above the front platform is an air-whistle, which shows itself quite as competent to make itself heard at a distance as the steam whistle; and the large brass gong at the right side of the car raises a clamor that outdoes the sonorous vibrations of the locomotive bell.

The motorman's position is on the front platform, which is inclosed with sheet-iron work. Here he has everything at hand—the lever, the air-brake, and handles attached to the gong and whistle. In this elevated place he looks as potent as an engineer. As for the fireman—his days are numbered unless that name be applied to the grim coal-heaver that shovels fuel into the furnace at the power-house.

The passenger coaches used are the closed cars, like those of the elevated road in New York, with the end seats running lengthwise and a few crosswise seats in the middle. Open coaches are also used. These are like summer street-cars, except that they are much longer, having sixteen seats or benches, and are mounted on high trucks and have a series of three steps along the entire length leading up to the car platform.

The official trial trips have demonstrated a speed of sixty miles an hour with four coaches on a curving track. From this fact it is calculated by conservative railroad men that on a straight track a speed of eighty to one hundred miles an hour can easily be made. The construction of this electric railroad was accomplished with remarkable quietness and dispatch during April, May, and June. In that time seven miles of double track was built. This was formerly the steam railroad bed of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, which skirted the sea from Nantasket Junction to Hull, at the northern extremity of the peninsula.

On that line there is now a single row of white-painted wooden poles in the middle of the grade between the tracks, surmounted by iron cross-bars forming the shape of the letter T. This line of gleaming white poles, supporting the copper cables on their tops and smaller wires at either end of the cross-bars, gives the appearance at a distance of a telegraph line instead of trolley-poles, and looks picturesque rather than unsightly.

Instead of being a temporary work, as might be expected from an experiment like this, the grade was not only widened for two tracks, but improved. The new rails laid were of ninety pounds instead of the old sixty-pound ones.

A mile from the starting-point at Nantasket Junction is the curious sight of an electric power-house out in the woods, the first building of the kind erected in this country by a steam railroad company. It is brick, with stone trimmings, two stories high, and is a far more imposing structure than the usual street-car power-house. In this building is a plant consisting of two boilers and eight batteries. Each battery will generate three hundred and fifty horse-power.

The five immense copper cables, each an inch in thickness, which proceed from the building, are an indication of the power which will be generated here and distributed along the trolley wires.

This road is the outgrowth of the trolley-car competition which the railroad company has encountered in the growing suburbs of Boston along its lines. The Nantasket division was selected for the purpose of the trolley experiment because, while a short branch, it was one which taxed the capacity of steam power during the summer season. It required an entirely separate set of locomotives, coaches, and train crews. The fare was fifteen cents, but is now reduced to five cents. HERBERT HEYWOOD.



International Athletic Discussion.

It seems that the zeal of London Athletic Club members in bringing up fresh names for election has had the result of securing to the ranks of the athletic department all the English amateur champions of the year. That such would result from an agreement to contest for international honors with an American team, to wit, that of the New York Athletic Club, was obvious the moment the affair was settled upon, and the date, September 21st, fixed. In the footsteps of their English cousins the zealous New York management of athletics followed, so that to-day we are confronted with the certain knowledge that London Athletic Club vs. New York Athletic Club really means all England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales vs. all America, with Canada and Ireland thrown in.

Under date of July 15th the London Athletic Club officials, thinking it wise to formally announce to the New York men the steps taken by them to secure a team of champions, wrote to that effect, and supplemented their announcement with the request for information concerning the steps which they (the New York officials) had taken to secure a team—also of champions.

This is the official status of the case at this time. Beneath the surface, however, there would seem to be just cause to believe that the Englishmen fear that while they have by legitimate means secured men of undoubted amateur standing, the New-Yorkers have strengthened their ranks by certain athletes who could not properly own to the title of "gentlemen amateurs." And, fearing this, they have asked for full information concerning the make-up of the New York team.

There seems little, if any, prospect that this unfortunate condition of affairs will result in no contest, for the London Athletic Club, having agreed to come here, will live up to that agreement come what may, or no matter whom they may have to meet. Still the question has a disagreeable flavor to it which cannot be altogether relishable to Americans. Several months ago, when the contest was settled upon, I took occasion to point out the fact that the New York Athletic Club could hardly look upon certain members of their team with unanimity, and the feeling that these athletes truly represented American amateur sport. In particular I took the case of Hammer-thrower Mitchell, who is no more of an amateur than the majority of bicyclists who make racing their business. It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that there could be no violation of sportsmanship in adding to the club-roll men of known athletic ability who would join as amateurs and be distinctly opposed to being classed as members in good standing, paying their club charges the same as other members elected in the usual way. Beyond this, it seemed, however, that the boundary-line which divided the field of amateur sport from the grasping one of professionalism was passed, and a just basis of grievance established.

Far be it from my purpose to show deceit at our end of the line, or to imply that the London Athletic Club management have been entirely governed by the rules of amateurism; but whatever may be the make-up or the status of the English team, all fair-minded and sport-loving Americans want to see a purely American amateur team take the field on September 21st—a team above reproach, and one which in victory is above the slurs of professional charges. Such a team could be placed in the field, and such a team could win. But no team can lay claim to being an amateur team with the name of James Mitchell on its list. Unquestionably the man to represent the American team in the Mitchell specialty is Hickok, of Yale, an athlete of unquestioned amateur standing, and a champion as well. At the present writing it does not look as though the American team would be spotless; but there is much to be hoped for in the settlement of the question propounded by the Englishmen.

Secretary Holman, of the London Athletic Club, has announced the following make-up to represent his club: One-hundred-yard dash, Bradley and Dower; four-hundred-and-forty-yard run, Bredin and Fitzherbert; two-hundred-and-twenty-yard run, Dower and Fitzherbert; eight-hundred-and-eighty-yard run, Bredin and Horan; mile run, Bacon and Luytens; three-mile run, Bacon, Munroe, and Horan; hurdles, Shaw and Oakley; long jump, Oakley and Fry; high jump, Ryan and Williams; putting shot, Horgan and Barry; throwing hammer, Barry.

"DEFENDER" CONTINUES TO PLEASE HER FRIENDS.

Defender is slowly but surely rounding into true racing condition, but she will hardly be seen at her best before September. The Iselin-Morgan-Vanderbilt syndicate who own and run her are quite satisfied that she represents the perfection of the Herreshoff genius, and that *Valkyrie III.*, challenger for the historic America's Cup, must prove herself a wonder in all points of sailing and in all kinds of weather to defeat her. Nat Herreshoff, her designer, is also satisfied, and feels cocksure that when her rigging is fully stretched and her sails set satisfactorily and in a manner to take the greatest possible advantage of whatever wind is blowing, she will administer a sound thrashing to the successful 1893 aspirant for international honors—*Vigilant*.

To be sure *Defender* has already proved herself a better boat all around than *Vigilant*, yet even granted that the centreboarder is much faster this year than ever, it is quite necessary to the feeling of quiet confidence in final results that *Defender* make her superiority more marked.

As time wears on, conviction becomes almost a certainty that the English boat is a very fast boat indeed in light weather; and, further, the reports of her instability in rough, windy weather will be shown to be groundless when she stretches her wings in these waters, probably the last of this month.

Valkyrie III. is now on her way over, and in consequence of a greatly-reduced rig it is not expected that she will make the journey in much less than a month. In the interim *Defender* will be so put through her paces as to be well "tuned up" by the time of the arrival.

The Goelet five-hundred-dollar-cup race for sloops, which was sailed off Newport, Friday, August 2d, was disappointing only in that *Defender*, on account of breaking her gaff while jibing about the second mark, was unable to finish. At the time of the accident, however, she was leading the *Vigilant* by at least eight minutes, and if she had finished, would have beaten the centreboarder undoubtedly a round dozen minutes. In this respect, then, the race was most satisfying, because it showed *Defender* to be unquestionably the better boat. Indeed, in the light and fluky wind which was blowing during the race she proved that she is not only a flyer but a wonderful flyer. Both *Jubilee*, General Paine's 1893 prospective cup defender, and *Volunteer*, the conqueror of *Thistle*, sailed the race. *Defender* led the former twelve minutes and thirty-six seconds to the second mark, and the latter by more than half an hour.

LAWN TENNIS.

The annual Newport meeting of the National Tennis Association, which is scheduled for August 21st and succeeding days, promises even more than the usual standard of excellence of play and list of entries. While there are no new stars expected in the already large firmament, certain of those players who failed to realize expectations last year are quietly tipped to surprise the tennis critics. John Howland is one of these, and certain authorities on the game look for him to maintain continuously the brilliant form which he displayed in spots only last year, notably when he defeated Goodbody, the English player, at Narragansett Pier, just prior to the Newport tournament for the all-comers' championship of the United States.

Champion Wrenn, owing to protracted baseball playing at Harvard this spring and early summer, is not a little behind his form of last year at this time. He is rounding to rapidly, however, and his admirers do not see how he can lose in his match to defend the title. Where Wrenn rivals his fellow-players is in his head-work and English nerve, which is the means of maintaining an evenness of play from beginning to end, and a coolness at such times when things are not going just to his liking. Without the brilliancy of a Hovey or a Hobart or a Larned, he has the sang froid of a Pim or a Goodbody, and it is right here where he forges ahead, and for which quality his friends back him to win.

While Malcomb Chase has figured prominently for the past two years in the Newport tournament, he has never been dangerous. This season, however, with the steady weight of another year on his shoulders, and diligent practice, he will surely do better than ever. This means, in the opinion of those who have watched his play in various tournaments up to this time, that he will press the best of them very hard and make a strong bid for the "All-comers."

The flying visit of the English cracks, Pim and Mahony, was the source of much stimulus to the work of our best men, and this stimulus is expected to show itself in no uncertain way at Newport.

M.T. Bull.

Holmes and His "Castle."

PIECING together the fragments of information so far obtained regarding the career of the man known in Chicago as H. H. Holmes, and whose real name is Herman Mudgett, it would appear that he is one of the most versatile and accomplished villains of the century. His birth of respectable parents in a quiet New Hampshire village, Gilmanton, gives no clew to any theory of the inheritance of his criminal tendencies. His parents were God-fearing people, and his associations were unobjectionable. The boy graduated from the village academy, married a girl of good family, taught school, and became a student in the University of Vermont. He then went to the University of Michigan and studied medicine, and here, it appears, in the dissection classes sprouted the latent spirit of devilishness in the young man's mind. From robbing graveyards he appears to have adopted schemes of life-insurance frauds, and after spending a few months with his family in New Hampshire, he went to Chicago and adopted the name of Holmes and the general career of swindler. He worked under various aliases, and carried his operations as far as California. A fertile, restless brain and a plausible manner made him a successful promoter of bogus companies and fraudulent schemes, and it seems to have been easy for him to dupe many careful and conservative men. Returning to Chicago, he found an old Ann Arbor friend whom he induced to take out a policy of insurance for ten thousand dollars. The friend "died," and Holmes collected the money. According to Holmes's statement it was a fraud, pure and simple, and the friend was an accomplice, who disappeared. The job was repeated with success, but the swindler alleges there was no murder. Bodies were secured for the purpose, and the insurance companies were satisfied. In Wilmette Holmes married another wife, and a successful speculation in Denver netted him twenty-seven thousand dollars, with which he erected a double building in the principal street of Englewood, in the Thirtieth Ward of Chicago. The building was put up in 1892, by day's work, and Holmes superintended the job and often changed the workmen. The street floor was let for drug-store, restaurant, shops, etc., and the two upper floors were reserved, for what purpose no one knew.

In the fall of this year, one "Henry Gordon" and his young wife, a Texan girl of some property and education, occupied a flat near by. They changed their residence very suddenly and went to the Holmes "castle," as it was called, where the girl acted as Holmes's stenographer, for Gordon was Holmes, and the girl was Minnie Williams. She wrote to her sister Annie that she was married, with an invitation to visit her. Annie came, and soon afterward disappeared. In a few months two men, calling themselves Lyman and Pratt, appeared in Fort Worth and placed on record a deed of certain property in that city from Minnie Williams to Lyman, who was personated by Holmes's confederate, one Pitzel. Pratt was Holmes himself. The two then fleeced the Fort Worth people out of some twenty-five thousand dollars by fraudulent mortgages and notes, and "skipped." Inquiries were made for the two sisters, but no trace of them could be found.

During the World's Fair year Holmes ran a restaurant on the ground floor of his "castle," and was engaged in various schemes which had little or no reality in fact. Meanwhile he was quietly prosecuting insurance frauds on the one hand, and supplying skeletons to medical colleges on the other.

The man Pitzel appears to have been Holmes's trusted accomplice. He had a wife and five children. Finally it appears that Pitzel himself was insured, in July, 1894, in the Fidelity Mutual of Philadelphia, for ten thousand dollars. In September the charred body of a man was found in a house on Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, which had been rented by a man giving the name of Perry. Holmes, with Mrs. Pitzel and her daughter Alice, went to Philadelphia and identified the body as that of Pitzel, and the wife claimed the insurance. It appears that she really thought that the body was that of a stranger, but she was placed in the singular position of recognizing the body of her own husband, whom she had unwittingly conspired to destroy. The policy was paid, and Holmes kept the greater share of the money. After his

arrest it was discovered that Holmes had led the wife and three eldest children of his victim a devil's dance about the country that nearly upset the reason of the weak and deluded mother. It is believed that he intended to murder them all. They went to Indianapolis, where the boy Howard, aged nine, disappeared, and then to Cincinnati, Detroit, and Toronto. Finally the girls, Alice and Nellie, eleven and twelve years of age, were separated from their mother, who was left to wander about the country alone—now ordered here, then told to remain where she was and be silent under peril of her life. Holmes suddenly appeared in his old home, had an interview with his first wife, (Continued on page 110.)

The Astor Cups.

THE two sterling cups given by Mr. John Jacob Astor as prizes in the trial races to determine the defender of the America's Cup were designed and manufactured by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, and are of rare beauty and grace—a departure from the conventional lines of yacht prizes. Each cup is two feet high from the base to the top of the figure of Victory, and nine inches across the widest part, resting on a movable base of ebony, around which is twined a wreath of vines and



THE CUP.

fruits, with a crowned head of Neptune on each side. The figure of Victory, eight inches in height, stands full front in a most graceful posture, the right foot resting in the shell, the other drawn back and upheld by the top of the shell. In the right hand is the wreath of Victory, while held aloft is a branch of palms.

Both sides of the cup are alike, with the exception of the figure of Victory, it being intended to etch a yachting scene in one panel, with the name of the winner and other details in the other. The value of these prizes is two thousand dollars.

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them.*

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE



E. ALICE PITZEL.



HOWARD PITZEL.



BENJAMIN F. PITZEL.



NELLIE PITZEL.



MINNIE WILLIAMS.



H. H. HOLMES, THE ACCUSED.



NANNIE WILLIAMS.

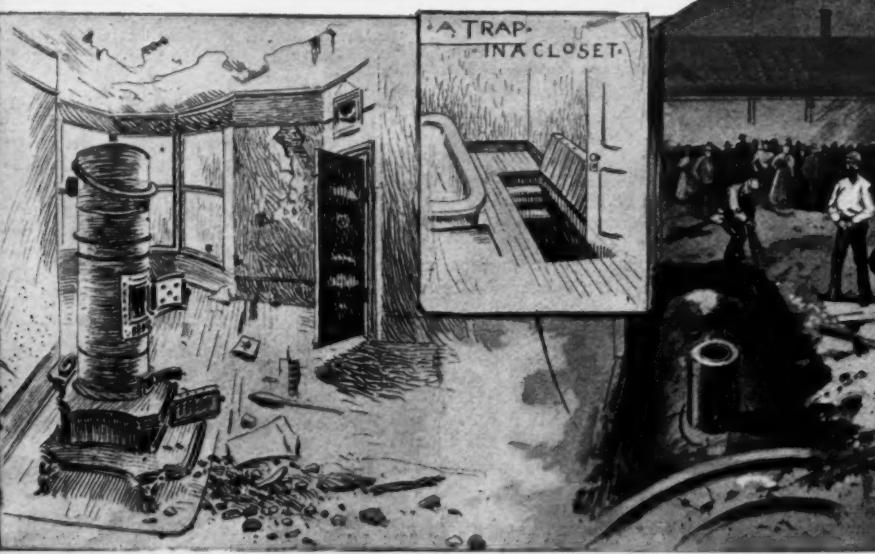
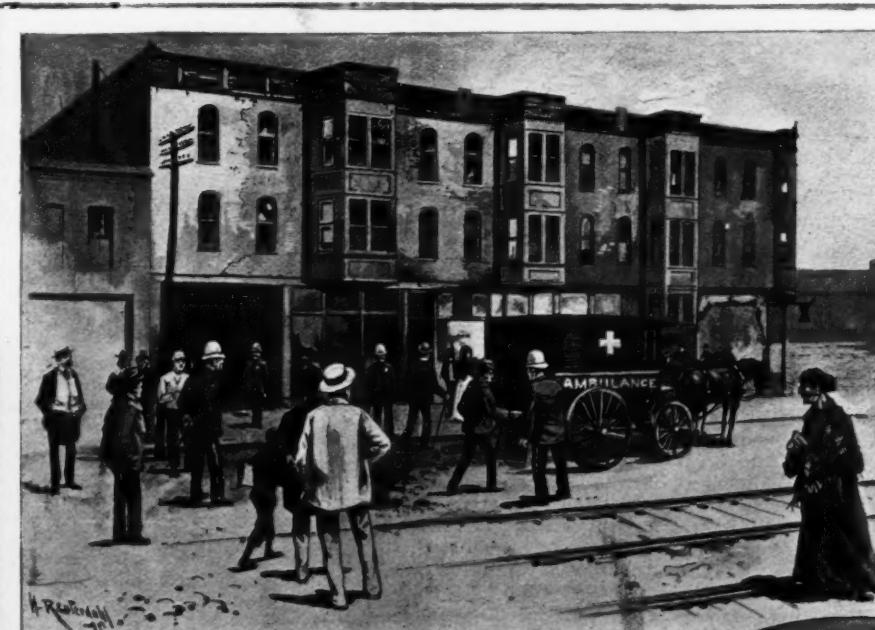
OPENING TO THE GAS TANK UNDERNEATH
THE ALLEY OF THE "CASTLE."

THE HOLMES "CASTLE," 701 SIXTY-THIRD STREET, CHICAGO

H. H. HOLMES ON THE STREET.



WORKMEN DISCOVERING THE POX CONTAINING
BONES OF VICTIMS.



STOVE AND DUMMY SAFE.



GAS TANK AND ACID VAT IN BASEMENT.

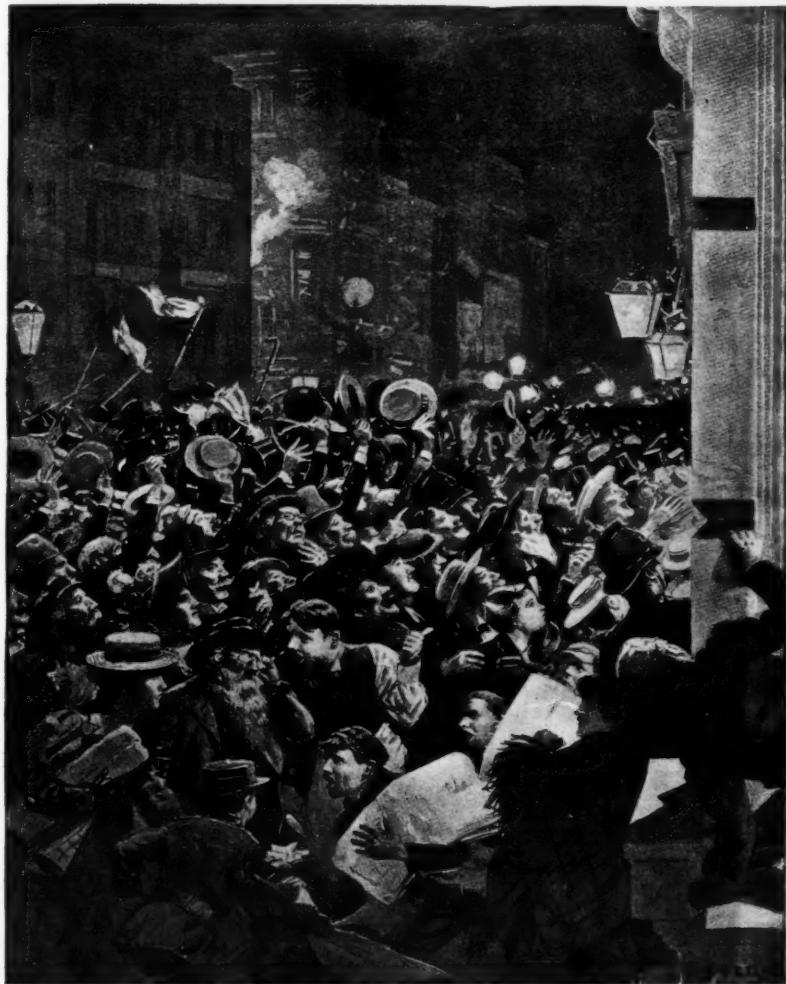
A PHENOMENON IN VILLAINY—INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF H. H. HOLMES, WHO IS IMPRISONED IN PHILADELPHIA, CHARGED WITH A SERIES OF MOST REVOLTING MURDERS IN PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, AND TORONTO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY THE AUTHORITIES OF PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 107.]



CUBA—FORT JARAYÓ, AT THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO DE CUBA.
La Ilustracion Espanola y Americana.



THE VILLAGE OF SONGO, SUBURBS OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPANISH TROOPS.—*La Ilustracion Espanola y Americana.*



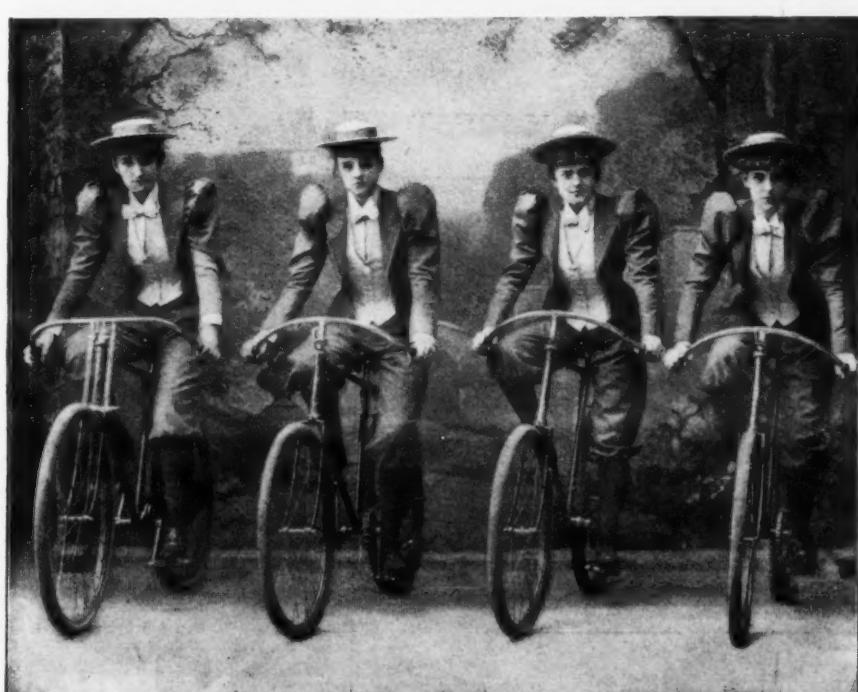
THE RECENT ENGLISH ELECTIONS—A NIGHT SCENE IN FLEET STREET, LONDON.
Illustrated London News.



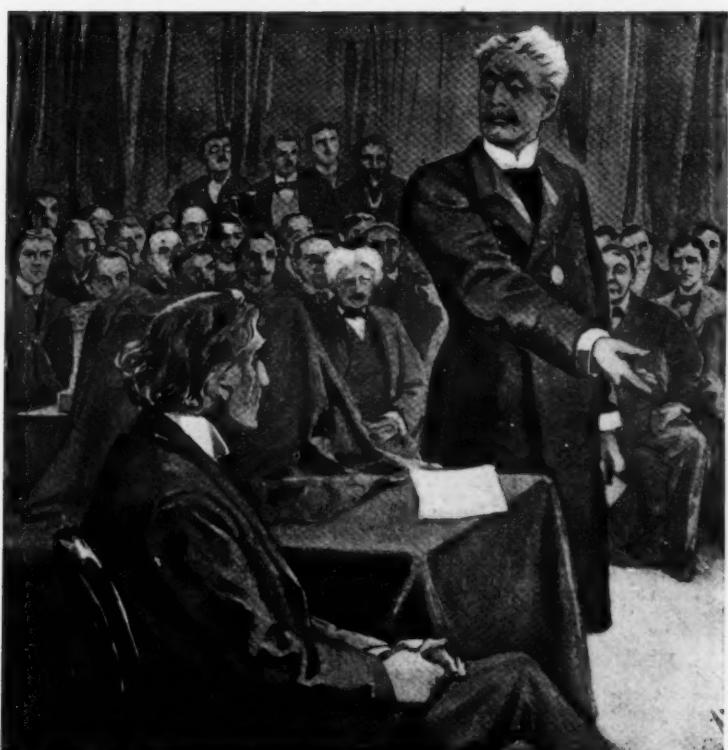
MATABELE WARRIORS ENTERTAINING VISITORS WITH A NATIVE DANCE.—*London Graphic.*



PARISIANS WAITING AN OPPORTUNITY TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE CHINESE LOAN.
L'Illustration.



THE BICYCLE IN AUSTRALIA—A QUARTETTE OF LADY CYCLISTS IN MELBOURNE.
London Sketch.



THE ACTORS OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON, CONGRATULATING SIR HENRY IRVING ON RECEIVING HIS TITLE.—*London Graphic.*

Holmes and His "Castle."

(Continued from page 107.)

to whom he appeared as one risen from the dead. Here he might have remained, under his original name, buried to the world, but he went on to Boston, where he was arrested, as was Mrs. Pitzel, a few days afterward. Then came the discovery of the bodies of the two girls buried in the cellar of a house in Toronto, and the distracted mother was called upon to identify the bodies of her children. The boy Howard has never been heard from, and his fate is still a mystery.

These disclosures caused an examination of the Englewood "Castle," and it was found to be as complete a man trap, or woman trap, as ever existed in the imagination of the most lurid writer of "sleuth" fiction. Not a room but had two or even three exits, intricate passage ways, trap-doors, chutes that led from the upper floor to the cellar, rooms with padded walls; a dummy vault which the detectives say is useless for any purpose but to stifle a victim; secret stairways, a crematory furnace and an acid vat. In the cellar human bones were found, and fragments of bloody clothing, and in one of the upper chambers a bench with stains of blood and marks of a sharp knife. But nothing more. The curious part of the whole horrible story is that, although the man is believed, from circumstantial evidence, to be a multi-murderer, no direct evidence of his guilt has yet been discovered.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

OUT OF SORTS.

THAT is the way you feel as a result of the headache you had when you awoke this morning. Get in your usual frame of mind and body by using Ripon Tabules, the standard remedy for all stomach and liver complaints.

GET a bottle of Angostura Bitters to flavor your soda and lemonade. Dr. Siegert's is the only genuine.

CHANGE IN PIER NUMBER.

THE Fall River Line wharf in New York will, commencing June 1st, be known as Pier 18 instead of 28, North River; foot of Murray Street.

Double service (two boats each way daily) between New York and Fall River will be operated commencing June 17th.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

FALSE ECONOMY

is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

THE new Sohmer Piano factory occupies eight large lots, situated a short distance from the Ninety-second Street ferry at Long Island City. In building the factory the firm has spared no expense, and can safely claim to possess the most perfect piano-forte house in the United States.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no bungling, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription is sent free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HUNTERFORD, Box A. 251, Albion, Michigan.

A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD. ALL READY FOR USE, AND REQUIRES NO MIXING.

The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN,
MARTINI,
WHISKEY,
HOLLAND GIN,
TOM GIN,
VERMOUTH, and
YORK.

For the Yacht.
For the Sea Shore,
For the Mountains,
For the Fishing Party,
For the Camping Party,
For the Summer Hotel.

CONNOISSEURS agree that of two cocktails made of the same materials and proportions, the one which is aged must be the better.

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the United States. Avoid Imitations.

C. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., SOLE PROPRIETORS,
39 Broadway, N. Y.
Hartford, Conn., and 20 Piccadilly, W., London, Eng.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

Cuticura

THE GREAT

SKIN CURE

Works wonders in curing torturing disfiguring diseases of the skin scalp and blood and especially baby humours.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the continental cities. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Prop., Boston, U. S. A.

"Can the Ethiopian CHANGE HIS SKIN?"

almost, if he will but use

(CONSTANTINE'S) PINE TAR SOAP

Persian Healing.

Constantine's

WORKS
WONDERS
ON THE SKIN.

A FAIR TRIAL WILL PROVE IT.

It is appropriate to add, this remarkable soap is composed of Pine Tar and other Medicinal Properties, the result of vegetable discoveries made by the natives of Africa. A toilet soap and healing agent in one.

DRUGGISTS.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

Opium Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

At the International Yacht Race our "Defender" will protect America's Cup, while

Fibre Chamois

will hold harmless against damage by the damp sea air our ladies' puffed sleeves and skirts.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

or you may get a cheap substitute that will require taking out after the dress is worn.

See that what you buy is stamped with letters like this

From *The Mill and Express* (Saturday evening, July 20th, 1885).

HE WHO RUNS MAY READ.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD'S EXPOSITION FOLDER WOULD HAVE DONE SERVICE AT BABEL'S TOWER.

The fact that a person hails from the icy shores of Greenland, the torrid plains of India, from Kalamazoo, Michigan, or Hong-Kong, China, need not prevent him from obtaining the fullest information as to how to reach the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, Georgia, even without a knowledge of Volapük, or the aid of a professor of modern languages. He need only consult the special exposition folder that has been issued by the Southern Railway Company. He will find the necessary information set forth there in his own native tongue, and probably in all other tongues with which he is acquainted.

The folder is unique and original. Its reading matter is printed in thirteen different languages, from Scandinavian to Chinese. Its illustrations are printed in the only perfect universal tongue yet discovered—the language of art. They occupy one entire side of the folder, and are in dels of artistic taste. They consist of pictures of the main buildings of the exposition, and taken together give one an excellent idea of the external appearance of the fair. The work of illustrating the folder and printing it in the various languages in which it appears was one that required great skill. It was done by the American Bank Note Company.

The Southern is the only railroad running into the grounds.

The exposition will open on September 18th, and the indications are that it will be largely attended.

CORPUS LEAN

Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month. Price \$1.00 per month. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials. L. E. Marsh Co., 2816 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

MADE

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS. Simply stopping the fat producing effect from the supply of animal oil, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once. Sold by all Druggists.

LEAN

A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing the latest Parisian costumes, mailed for 10c. in stamps. The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 690, N. Y.

"S. H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Demorest's Family Magazine,

DEMOREST PUBLISHING CO., Proprietors.

110 Fifth Avenue, New York.



Those who subscribe for DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for the coming year will possess a gallery of EXQUISITE WORKS OF ART OF GREAT VALUE, besides a Magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS AND SUBJECT MATTER. It is a liberal educator to every member of the household. THE LITERARY ATTRACTIONS OF DEMOREST'S are bright, varied, and of superior merit, selected to please the widest diversity of taste. In the number, beauty and excellence of its illustrations it leads all other publications, and has honestly earned the reputation it so universally bears, of being "a dozen Magazines in one." The fact that its subscription list has nearly doubled during the past year, notwithstanding the hard times, speaks volumes for the popularity of this high-standing publication. THE SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED FASHION PAGES, for which it is so justly noted, will be retained for 1896, and subscribers will continue to receive all the patterns needed during the year, almost free of cost, and in any size that may be chosen. The patterns would cost each subscriber between three and four dollars if purchased elsewhere; and the magazine itself is equal to the four-dollar magazines in every respect.

An exquisite reproduction in 14 colors of De Longpre's water-color "Chrysanthemum" picture (size 12 x 20 inches) will be given to every subscriber with the December issue of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE (published November 15th). This issue will also be enlarged and bound in a beautifully printed colored cover, and will be replete with illustrations and reading matter pertaining to the Xmas Holidays. The chrysanthemum plate alone in this one number is worth more than the price of a year's subscription; do not fail to get it. The magazine for the coming year is to be improved in many ways. It is to be made the very best magazine for the family circle in existence.

Subscription, \$2.00 per year. . . . \$1.00 for six months.

Single Copies, 20 cents.

DEMOREST PUBLISHING CO.,

110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE SEARCH LIGHT SHOWS THE WAY
KEROSENE Central Draft Circular Free Bridgeport Brass Co. 19 Murray St., New York City.
SUBSTITUTE Live Cycle Dealers Bridgeport Ct.

A record of over half a century is a guarantee that cannot be questioned.

Every article used in

PHOTOGRAPHY

may be obtained from us.

CAMERAS

in every style, at all prices

FREE. Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue mailed FREE on application.

"Anthony's Photographic Bulletin," per year, \$2.

"The International Annual for 1895," 75 cents.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,



MANHATTAN,
MARTINI,
WHISKEY,
HOLLAND GIN,
TOM GIN,
VERMOUTH, and
YORK.

For the Yacht.
For the Sea Shore,
For the Mountains,
For the Fishing Party,
For the Camping Party,
For the Summer Hotel.

CONNOISSEURS agree that of two cocktails made of the same materials and proportions, the one which is aged must be the better.

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the United States. Avoid Imitations.

C. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., SOLE PROPRIETORS,
39 Broadway, N. Y.
Hartford, Conn., and 20 Piccadilly, W., London, Eng.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.



Fibre Chamois



MANY
ILLUSTRATIONS

in LESLIE'S WEEKLY are made by J. C. Hemment with the Ross Patent Lens used in the

Folding Montauk Camera

G. GENNERT, Manufacturer,

24 and 26 East 13th St., NEW YORK.

THIRTY-ONE INFORMATION BUREAUS.

Each of the city ticket-offices of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad in New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Troy, Montreal, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and San Francisco is an Information Bureau—thirty-one in all.

Complete information in regard to rates and routes for reaching the principal health and pleasure resorts of America can be obtained free; also information regarding principal hotels at such resorts, their rates, accommodations, etc., etc.

We have a great variety of books and pictures descriptive of the hotels and their surroundings. Agents are always glad to assist callers. It may pay you to consult them before laying out your route.

The Illustrated Catalogue New York Central Books and Etchings sent free, post-paid, on receipt of a one-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent.

HOW TO MAKE



Many men with fair faces are devoured in beauty, owing to undevoted wives, fat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

ADIPOMALENE.
L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

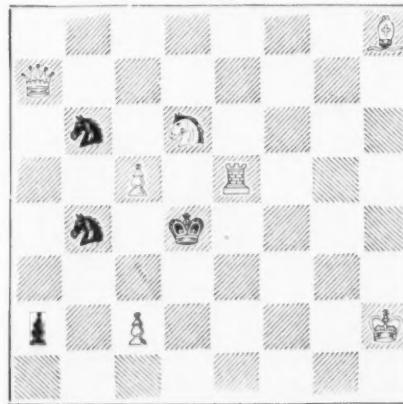
OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

The Chess-board.

PROBLEM NO. 27. BY T. TAVERNOV.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The above problem, which received the first honors in an English tournament, is far from being a difficult or striking problem, and yet it is seldom we see a composition wherein the niceties of the art are so beautifully shown. It is only after the position has been solved and carefully analyzed that the touch of the master-hand becomes apparent.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 24. BY KIDSON.

White.
1 Q to Q R 5.
2 P queens mate.
Black.
1 K to K 4.

Correctly solved by Messrs. W. L. Fogg, Porter Stafford, W. E. Hayward, J. G. Schaefer, T. Cox, A. C. Cass, Dr. Jenkins, G. Moss, E.

THE Price \$5.00
POCKET KODAK.

Made.
With.
The.
Pocket.
Kodak.
Exact.
Size. .



A Pocket Camera that uses films or plates—weighs only 5 ounces and slips into the pocket easily. Made of aluminum and covered with fine leather.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

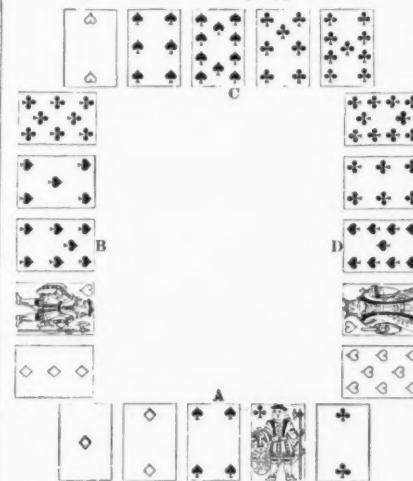
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sample photo and booklet for two 2-cent stamps.
North, S. R. Lessing, B. Morris, R. G. Fitzgerald, E. H. Baldwin, Z. Corner, A. Hardy, W. Truen, W. Spain, E. D. Brown, R. Rogers, and Dr. A. W. Hall. All others were incorrect.

Whist Practice.

MANY solutions were received to Problem No. 27, and yet it is a difficult matter to know just how many fairly mastered the real trick of the play. Messrs. Islen, Stafford, "Ivanhoe," "A. J. S.," and Gowen gave the full solution, and pointed out the following subtle play: A leads heart ace, B the king, C the queen, and D the six. A then leads heart three, B the seven, and C discards spade eight! and D takes with the eight. D leads spade four, A the five, B the three, and C the two! A leads again, and makes C's king good, so that they win three tricks. The following correspondents only showed that if B played heart seven on first round, C discards spade deuce on second round: Messrs. Alden, H. Allen, "P. H. B." H. Barry, C. Cook, E. Denye, Dr. Eastman, G. Ferris, Fort Schuyler, G. P. Garrett, H. Greene, "H. D. L. H." W. Higgins, I. C. Isaacs, C. H. Cohen, G. Lord, C. H. Marsters, Percy Moore, Mrs. H. T. Menner, T. J. Morrison, C. Nugent, G. Parsons, W. Peters, J. W. Russell, C. E. Robbins, P. Stafford, J. P. Stewart, Dr. Tyler, P. Truax, C. Ulman, W. Vreland, G. Wolf, W. R. White, H. Wheeler, and W. Young.

Here is another idea, given as Problem No. 32, full of sparkling variations, which must be carefully studied to be fully appreciated:



Diamonds trumps. A leads, and with partner C takes how many tricks?

A Straight Line,
A Quick Line,
A Through Line,
A Popular Line
to All Points in
New York State.

**THE MODERN
WEST-SHORE
=RAILROAD=**

ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS.
FIVE FAST TRAINS TO THE
WEST.

Have you ever ridden on the National Express—the new limited train to Buffalo? It leaves New York at 7:30 P. M. and arrives there early next morning.



Produced by the French or natural process of fermentation in bottle. Highest award at Columbian Exposition.

A. J. WENHAM'S SONS, Distributing Agents, CLEVELAND, O.



Rae's Lucca Oil

The Perfection of Olive Oil

Your physician will tell you that Olive Oil, pure and sweet, is one of the most wholesome of foods. Rae's Oil is pure and sweet, as is testified to by many awards whenever exhibited. Your digestion will not suffer if you use Rae's Oil.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure by

S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.
Established 1836.



Pabst Malt Extract . . .

There is substance to it;
It is vivifying, life producing;
Gives vim and bounce—
It braces.

The "BEST" Tonic



**MOOSE, MOUNTAIN GOATS,
ELKS, DEER, BEARS**

and other large game are yet found in the NORTHWEST. Send me TEN CENTS and I will send you TWO BOOKS that will give you an idea of what a GREAT COUNTRY we have.

CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. Agent,

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD,
ST. PAUL, MINN.



Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

BOKER'S BITTERS

A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST
DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A
DELICACY IN DRINKS.

For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers,
Liquor Dealers and Druggists.



FACIAL BLEMISHES.
Largest establishment in the world for the treatment of SKIN, SCALP, AND NERVES. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y. City, Inventor of WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP. Send 10c. for sample and 150-page book on Dermatology.

Bethel
Military Academy
VIRGINIA.

Prepares for Government Academies, Universities, and Business. For catalogues address Maj. R. A. McIntyre, Bethel Academy P. O.

THE BEST GENERAL ADVERTISING MEDIUM IS

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

For Rates Address

WILLIAM L. MILLER, Adv. Manager,
110 Fifth Ave., New York.

**PUBLISHERS,
PRINTERS AND
LITHOGRAPHERS**

Desiring paper of superior excellence and uniformity can secure it of the makers of the papers used in the various publications of THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY.



TO DECIDE THE BET.

FARMER HAYRICK — "Scuse me, mister, but them boys erbettin' thent yew be one o' them idiots they call dudes. Be ye?"

Soup Making
with — a pleasure
Humorous
Extract of **BEEF**

Our little book of "Culinary Wrinkles" mailed free. Send address to

Armour & Company, Chicago.

LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE *City Record*, commencing on the 10th day of July, 1895, and continuing for nine days thereafter, of the CONFIRMATION of the following assessments:

TWELFTH WARD — Edgecombe and Bradhurst Avenues, Fencing, between 142d and 143d Sts.; Lexington Avenue, Sewers, between 99th and 103d Sts.; also sewer in 102d St., between Lexington and 3d Aves.; 101st St., Fencing, between 2d and 3d Aves.; 105th St., Regulating, etc., between Boulevard and Riverside Ave.; 108th St., Flagging, etc., at southeast corner of 2d Ave.; 127th St., Sewer, between Boulevard and Riverside Ave.; also, sewer in Claremont Ave.

TWENTY-SECOND WARD — Amsterdam Ave., Sewer, west side, between 83d and 85th Sts.

TWENTY-THIRD WARD — Boston Road, Sewer, between 166th and 169th Sts., with Branch Sewer in 168th St.; Brook Ave., Paving, etc., between Bronx Kills and 156th St.; Elton Ave., Re-regulating, etc., between 161st St. and Brook Ave.; Franklin Ave., Sewer, between 157th and 168th Sts.; Locust Ave., Regulating, etc., between 132d and 136th Sts.; Lowell St., Sewer, between Rider and 3d Aves., with Branch Sewers in Morris Ave., 140th St., and College Ave.; 137th St., Sewer, between Southern Boulevard and Willow Ave.; 144th St., Paving, between 3d and Brook Aves.; 147th St., Paving, between 8d and Brook Aves.; 147th St., Paving, between Brook and St. Ann's Aves.; 150th St., Regulating, etc., between River and Walton Aves.; 157th St., Paving, between Railroad Ave. east, and 3d Ave.; 158th St., Paving, between Railroad Ave. east, and Elton Ave.; 164th St., Sewer, between Boston Road and Trinity Ave.; Prospect Ave., Sewer, between Westchester Ave. and 164th St.; Ogden Ave., Sewer, between Birch and Orchard Sts.

TWENTY-FOURTH WARD — Hampden St., Regulating, etc., between Sedgwick and Jerome Aves.; Vanderbilt Ave., East, Sewer, between 173d and 174th Sts.; Vanderbilt Ave., East, Sewer, between 174th and 175th Sts.; Webster Ave., Sewer, between 184th St. and Mosholu Parkway.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York—Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, July 30th, 1895.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE *City Record*, commencing on the 30th day of July, 1895, and continuing for nine (9) days consecutively thereafter, of the Confirmation of the following assessments:

TWELFTH WARD — Dyckman St., Regulating, Grading, etc., from Hudson River to Exterior St.; 92d St., Sewer, between West End and Riverside Aves.; 166th St., Sewer, between Amsterdam Ave. and Edgecombe Road.

TWENTY-THIRD WARD — Brown Place, Sewer, between Southern Boulevard and 134th St.; Eagle Avenue, Regulating, Grading, etc., between 149th and 163d Sts.; Kelly St., Regulating, Grading, etc., between Westchester and Prospect Aves.; 138th St., Regulating, Grading, etc., between Railroad Ave. east, and Madison Ave., bridge; 144th St., Regulating, Grading, etc., between Mott and 3d Aves.; 149th St., Regulating, Grading, etc., between Railroad Ave. east, and Morris Ave.; 150th St., Regulating, Grading, etc., from Morris Ave. to Railroad Ave. east; 160th St., Regulating, Grading, etc., between Franklin Ave. and 167th St.; 169th St., Paving, Curbing, etc., between Franklin Ave. and Boston Road; Union St., Sewer, between Lind and Nelson Aves.; Wales Ave., Regulating, Grading, etc., between 151st St. and Westchester Ave.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York—Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, July 30th, 1895.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE *City Record*, commencing on the 31st day of July, 1895, and continuing for nine (9) days consecutively thereafter, of the Confirmation of the following assessments:

TWELFTH WARD — 150th, 166th, and 167th Sts., Opening, from their present easterly terminus to Edgecombe Road; 180th St., Opening, from Amsterdam Ave. to Kingsbridge Road.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York—Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, July 31st, 1895.

Pears'
You can
trust a
soap that
has no biting
alkali in it.

URBANA
WINE COMPANY
Gold-Seal
Champagne

For Sale by
all leading Wine Dealers
and Grocers.

Post-Office:
URBANA, N. Y.



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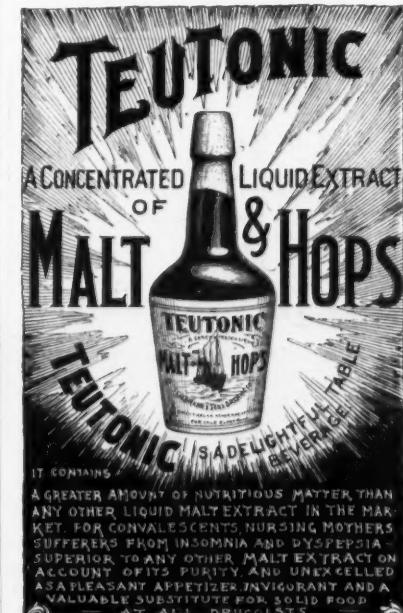
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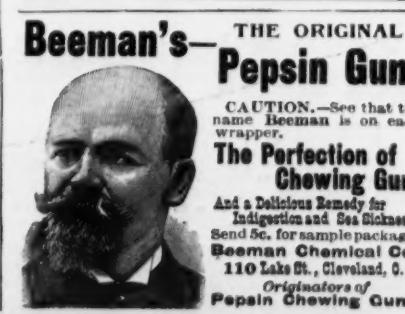


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